NATIONAL REVIEW

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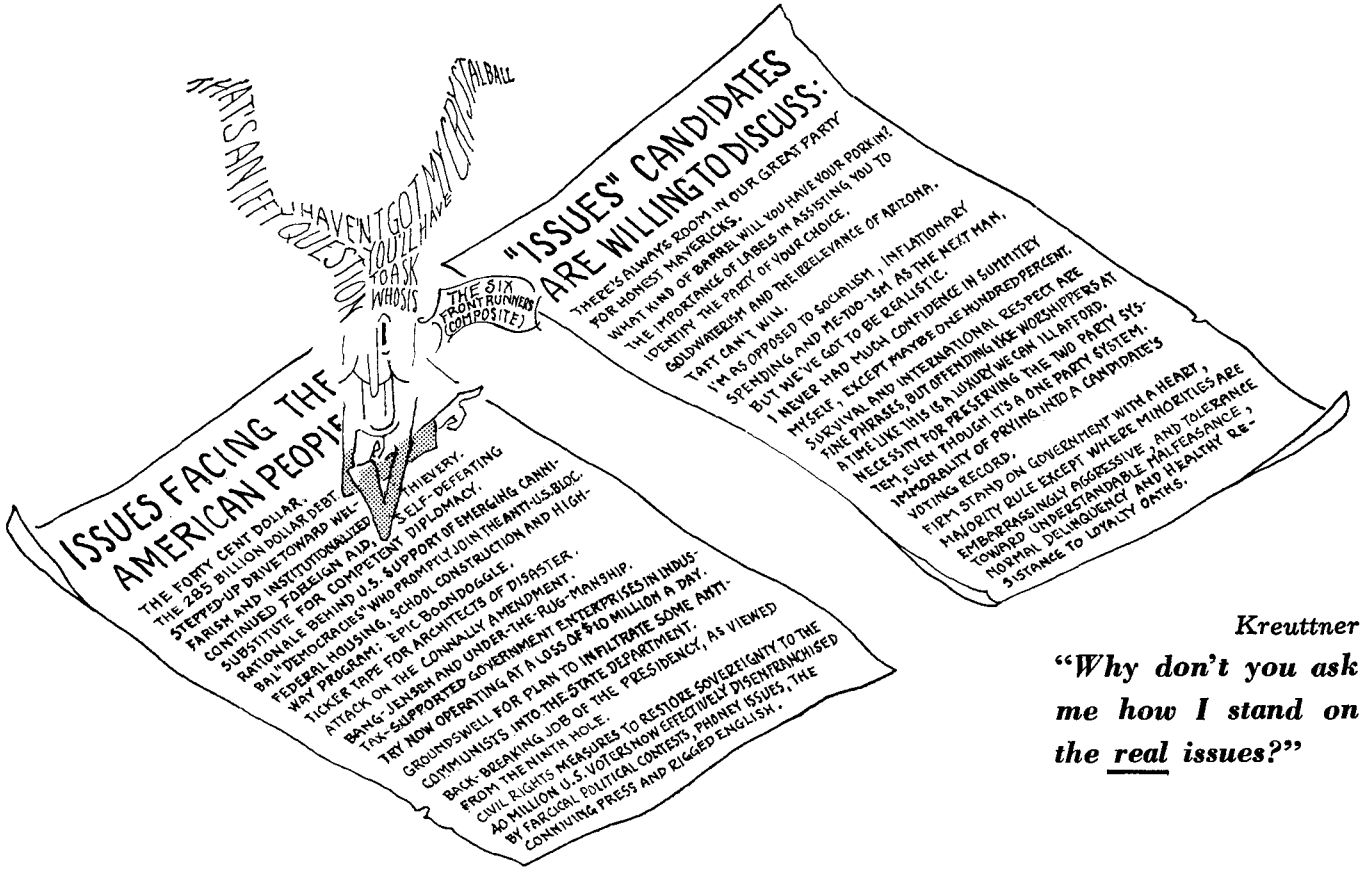
A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION


"ISSUES" CANDIDATES ARE WILLING TO DISCUSS:
THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM IN OUR GREAT PARTY FOR HONEST MAVERICKS.
WHAT KIND OF BARREL WILL YOU HAVE YOUR PORK IN?
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GOLDWATERISM AND THE IRRELEVANCE OF ARIZONA.
TAFT CAN'T WIN.
I'M AS OPPOSED TO SOCIALISM, INFLATION, SPENDING AND ME-TOO-ISM AS THE NEXT MAN,
BUT WE'VE GOT TO BE REALISTIC.
I NEVER HAD MUCH CONFIDENCE IN SUMMITEY
MYSELF, EXCEPT MAYBE ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.
SURVIVAL AND INTERNATIONAL RESPECT ARE
FINE PHRASES, BUT OFFENDING LIKE-WORSHIPPERS AT
A TIME LIKE THIS IS A LUXURY WE CAN ILL AFFORD.
NECESSITY FOR PRESERVING THE TWO PARTY SYSTEM,
EVEN THOUGH IT'S A ONE PARTY SYSTEM.
IMMORALITY OF PRYING INTO A CANDIDATE'S
VOTING RECORD.
FIRM STAND ON GOVERNMENT WITH A HEART,
MAJORITY RULE EXCEPT WHERE MINORITIES ARE
EMBARRASSINGLY AGGRESSIVE, AND TOLERANCE
TOWARD UNDERSTANDABLE MALFEASANCE,
NORMAL DELINQUENCY AND HEALTHY RE-
SISTANCE TO LOYALTY OATHS.
THE SIX (FRONT RUNNERS (COMPOSITE))
WHAT'S AN IFFY QUESTION I HAVEN'T GOT MY CRYSTAL BALL YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK WHO'S IS
ISSUES FACING THE AMERICAN PEOPLE
THE FORTY CENT DOLLAR.
THE 285 BILLION DOLLAR DEBT.
STEPPED-UP DRIVE TOWARD WELFARISM AND INSTITUTIONALIZED THIEVERY.
CONTINUED FOREIGN AID, SELF-DEFEATING
SUBSTITUTE FOR COMPETENT DIPLOMACY.
RATIONALE BEHIND U.S. SUPPORT OF EMERGING CANNIBAL "DEMOCRACIES" WHO PROMPTLY JOIN THE ANTI-U.S. BLOC.
FEDERAL HOUSING, SCHOOL CONSTRUCTION AND HIGHWAY PROGRAM: EPIC BOONDOGGLE.
TICKER TAPE FOR ARCHITECTS OF DISASTER.
ATTACK ON THE CONNALLY AMENDMENT.
BANG-JENSEN AND UNDER-THE-RUG-MANSHIP.
TFX-SUPPORTED GOVERNMENT ENTERPRISES IN INDUSTRY NOW OPERATING AT A LOSS OF $10 MILLION A DAY.
GROUNDSWELL FOR PLAN TO INFILTRATE SOME ANTI-COMMUNISTS INTO THE STATE DEPARTMENT.
BACK-BREAKING JOB OF THE PRESIDENCY, AS VIEWED FROM THE NINTH HOLE.
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"Why don't you ask me how I stand on the real issues?"

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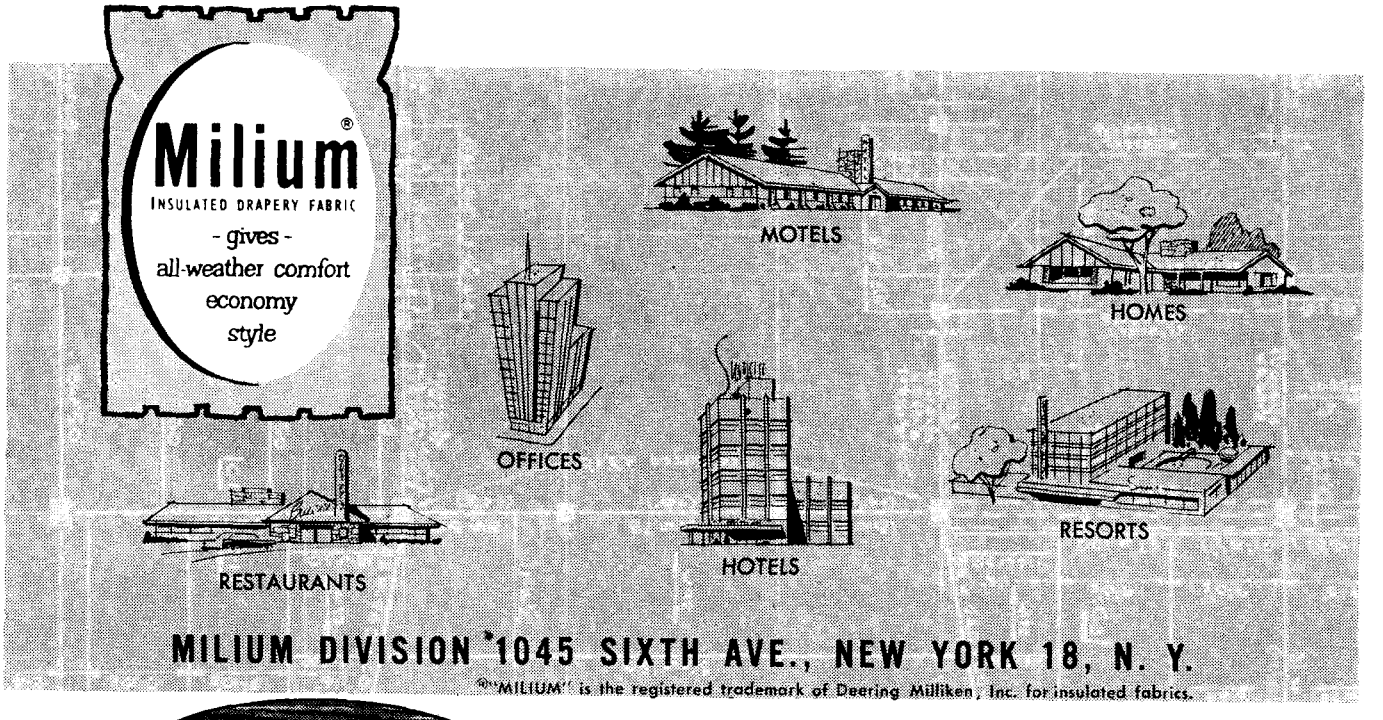

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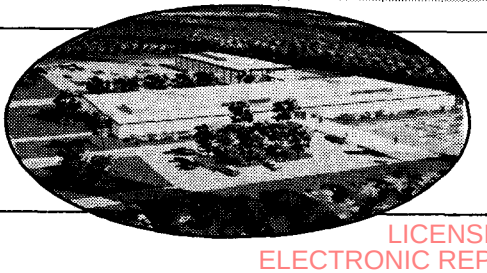

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell, James Burnham, John Chamberlain, Willmoore Kendall, Frank S. Meyer
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: David Franke

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Joan Didion, Medford Evans, M. Stanton Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Henry Hazlitt, Aloise B. Heath, Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews, Jonathan Mitchell, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer, Maureen B. O'Reilly, William F. Rickenbacker, E. Merrill Root, Ralph de Toledano, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Charles J. McHugh
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

CONTENTS JULY 16, 1960 VOL. IX, NO. 2

THE WEEK 4

ARTICLES

How to Save Cuba .....Anthony Harrigan 13
Havana Revisited .....Gordon Davis 15
Three Young Americans in the USSR
Clifford Hancock, Rose Mallan, Charles Wiley 17
Togetherheid at the Polo Grounds
Noel E. Parmentel Jr. 20

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 3
National Trends .....L. Brent Bozell 12
The Third World War .....James Burnham 16
From Here to There .....John Chamberlain 21
From the Academy .....Russell Kirk 22
To the Editor 29

BOOKS ARTS, MANNERS

Progenitor of Scientism .....F. A. Hayek 23
Last of the Characters .....Francis Russell 24
An "Average" Monster .....Thomas Molnar 25
Intimations of Walking Death
Frederick D. Wilhelmsen 26
Billie's Blues .....Ralph de Toledano 27
Books in Brief 28

COVER CARTOON.....John D. Kreuttner

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For the Record

Vice President Nixon urging the President to "solve" the Cuban situation before Election Day. Under consideration: all-out economic warfare; ban on travel by U.S. citizens to Cuba; possible break in diplomatic relations. . . . Historical observation by pro-Communist French author Simone de Beauvoir after her VIP visit to Cuba: the Chinese and Cuban revolutions got off to better start than the Bolshevik Revolution since "Mao Tse-tung had beaten the Japanese, Fidel Castro had defeated Batista." . . . Cuban Government widely publicizing Hemingway statement (in interview with Mañana) that he is totally "in accord with Cuba and its revolution." (It tolls for thee, Poppa.)

Don't discount fact that certain influential conservative Republicans had something to do with last week's Democratic Party Truman-Johnson-Kennedy bust-up. . . . Senator Kennedy, incidentally, missed 120 of 159 congressional roll calls in '60 while off campaigning, a fact Thruston Morton intends to publicize. . . . Barry Goldwater's best-selling The Conscience of a Conservative has come out in 50-cent paperback distributed by The Bookmailer (Box 101, N.Y. 16, N.Y.). . . . Senator Wiley (R., Wisc.) calls the Fulbright Committee's adverse comment on Administration handling of the U-2 episode, "self-righteous, 20-20 hindsight."

In past week, Japanese Premier Kishi's party won an important election in a generally Socialist area; Japanese leftists have failed to turn out sizable mobs in anti-security-pact demonstrations. . . . Red China has tripled her Spanish language broadcasts to Latin America in the last year, and tripled invitations to Latin Americans to Peiping. . . . San Salvador, in first action of its kind in a decade, has expelled two Cuban officials for "engaging in labor agitation," i.e., Communist activity.

Peace lover? Yugoslavia's Tito offered Algerian rebels unlimited money, materiel, a fortnight ago, just as Franco-Algerian talks started. . . . A South African business group reports S.A. exporters have lost $1 million in trade because of world boycotts in past 60 days. . . . Foreign governments already standing in line to lease space in Puerto Rico's projected duty-free international zone at Mayagüez.

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The WEEK

● Senator Wayne Morse said last week on the floor of the United States Senate that sending U-2 planes on spy missions over Russia was an "act of aggression on the part of the United States," and added that if any President ever does such a thing again "he should be impeached." Senator Morse seems to have lost completely his grip on reality. The gathering of intelligence information for defensive purposes is not and never has been considered an act of aggression, and a former dean of a law school should know that. And then to say that he would vote to impeach any President of the United States who takes peaceful measures to guard the security of this nation: *i.e.*, to impeach any President of the United States who faithfully discharges his responsibility to serve as executor of the nation's defense policy, is—is to talk as though one had been kicked on the head by a horse.

● The long-discussed Freedom Academy has finally received the support of the Judiciary Committee, and now goes on the Senate calendar. Under its terms, a paramilitary academy would be set up to undertake the training of counter-revolutionaries and counter-ideologists from countries all over the world. The effect would be to strengthen our foreign policy, to answer the Communists in kind, to diminish our reliance on massive and superexpensive weaponry. Our compliments to Senators Thomas Dodd, Kenneth Keating, Karl Mundt, Paul Douglas, James Eastland and Roman Hruska. And a special vote of congratulation to the four young men from Orlando, Florida, who conceived and, after six years' work, got their Academy through the first and most formidable obstacle.

● At New London, Connecticut, where Polaris submarines are put together and their crews trained, there is a considerable stir. Everyone connected with the operation is being continually jabbed by Peace-lovers. Pickets march, demanding an End to Polaris. At the Harvard-Yale boat race a few weeks ago, flyers were circulated among the visiting hordes, drawing attention to the insidious locale in which the races are traditionally held, the place where Death is being prepared for Millions. Sailors are accosted at bars and grocery stores and dressed down ("Hello, killer!") for participating in murderous activities. The heat is on; and it reflects an intensity, a coordination, a sensitivity to the single most promising military arm of the West that is characteristic not of Liberal loco-ism, but of the Communist Party. We don't know: we hazard merely the guess, and a suggestion to the House Committee on Un-American Activities to spend a week during the hot summer months up at cool, gracious New London, and let us know what is going on.

● Dr. Willard Uphaus is in jail in New Hampshire for refusing to answer questions about visitors at a summer camp he used to run, who the state's Attorney General, Louis C. Wyman, had reason to believe were engaged in subversive activities. Dr. Uphaus cited the First Amendment and his conscience. Even silent, he could have stayed out of jail, of course, by pleading Amendment Five. But he cast his refusal in a nobler mold, relying perhaps on the Supreme Court's *Watkins* decision. Mr. Wyman now reminds us, in a letter to the *New York Times,* which has recently ululated over the doctor's fate, that Dr. Uphaus, a year or so *ante Watkins*, had been asked a similar question relating to his summer camp by a congressional investigating committee, and refused an answer on the plea not of the First but of the Fifth, and possible self-incrimination.

● Some interesting disclosures on the effect of recent U.S. foreign policy on the Voice of America, its financing and effectiveness: 1) Three Hungarian defectors, who recently escaped to Austria, say no one in Hungary has thought it worth risking imprisonment to listen to VOA since the Khrushchev visit to the U.S. 2) Simultaneously with that visit, VOA broadcasts behind the Curtain were toned down, became conciliatory in tone. 3) Certain VOA officials who continued broadcasting anti-Khrushchev reports were actually brought up for dismissal on departmental charges. 4) When VOA financing came up in Congress this spring, these same anti-Khrushchev scripts were used to justify its work (and its budget).

● It remains the duty of Congress to protect the United States from foreign interference, writes John B. Gest of Philadelphia in a letter to the *New York Times*. Repeal of the Connally Amendment, he notes, would violate that duty by allowing domestic disputes to be assigned to the World Court, a court which even Senator Humphrey has described as "more of a hope than an actuality." To the argument that 38 nations have accepted the compulsory jurisdiction of the court, Mr. Gest observes that in fact twelve of the acceptances are terminable immediately upon notice and many others have no term or any mention of notice; and these nations free to withdraw from the Court's jurisdiction at will. We, on the other hand, "are among a few nations requiring six months' advance notice to terminate our acceptance

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of compulsory jurisdiction" once we have granted it, so that "during these six months after notice we would be subject to proceedings by unfriendly nations, including Iron Curtain countries which have no use for the Court except to have judges on it." The Connally Amendment should be retained, concludes Mr. Gest, but if it is repealed, we should at least make our acceptance of the World Court's jurisdiction, in disputes we understand to be domestic, terminable immediately upon notice.

● Two dogs and a rabbit return safely from a Russian rocket trip. (Or so we are told.) The next day, Moscow says it has shot *another* rocket 8,078 miles into the Pacific. The Pentagon says it was only 7,700 miles, and points proudly to the U.S. rocket which traveled 9,000 miles on May 20. Whether or not we accept the word of the Russians on their missile strength, it appears that Khrushchev fully understands the meaning of the gamboling of our U-2s over Russia during the past four years, detected and unmolested; and now plans a return to spectacular scientific rodomontade and propaganda designed to revive the limp image of the invincible Soviets.

● Fidel Castro has seized the Texaco, Shell and Esso refineries in punishment for their refusal to process Russian crude oil. The management of the plants is hurriedly leaving Cuba, and the revolutionary government may or may not be faced with a severe oil shortage—depending on the number of tankers the Soviet Union can inveigle into bringing Cuba the oil she needs so desperately. One wonders why the oil companies didn't blow up their refineries before taking off. It is a time-honored practice to leave nothing of value for enemy hands. And Castro's Russian proctors could hardly at this late date repudiate the scorched earth policy.

● During the same week that millionaire industrialist Cyrus Eaton was awarded the Lenin Prize for services rendered, to no criticism from his fellow businessmen that we know of, Paul Hall, president of the Seafarers International Union, had this to say to his fellow unionists: "Even if the Soviet Union were a free nation, which it is not; even if it had legitimate trade unions, which it does not have; and even if it had a free press and radio, which are also non-existent, it is the SIU's position that organized labor would not be justified in meeting with the governing powers of a country which had just slammed the door in the face of the top elected representative of the United States, and thereby demonstrated absolute contempt for the American nation and its form of government. Any visits by American trade union groups, on the heels of such a rebuff, will only be interpreted in the Communist world and in its controlled press as representing sympathy for this specific act of indignity toward the United States."

● An ex-professor at the University of Havana who taught European history to Fidel Castro in 1945 tells us that one afternoon that year all classes were emptied by a rush of almost the entire student body to the stadium. There they went to watch a brash young freshman take on the kingpin of the student body in fisticuffs. The result of the fight is generally agreed to have been a draw, but the freshman was bitter at not having won a decisive victory. The one-time student kingpin, now a certified public accountant, has just been thrown into jail for "counter-revolutionary activity"—fifteen years after the bout. By his old boxing partner, Fidel Castro, the new kingpin with the long memory.

Election Year Economics

Experts differ about the state of our economy. We can hardly speak of "depression," even "recession," when national income and consumer spending are at all-time highs. Nevertheless, all agree that the economy is not in as good shape as we would wish; that there are weaknesses on several critical fronts; these may foreshadow real trouble by 1961.

Consumers continue to spend, but only by driving consumer credit to precarious peaks. Employment is at a historic high, but we can't push unemployment below a socially disturbing 5 per cent. While electronics continue their fabulous boom, basic steel drops below 60 per cent, a low since the summer strike of 1958. In Youngstown and Buffalo, steel mills are all but shut. Machine tool production—crux of the problem of growth as well as of advancing living standards—is way down and still dropping. Though population mounts, housing construction is lower. Several airlines are near insolvency, and aircraft manufacturers lose money on the entire commercial jet program. A million autos crowd the distributing channels, and warehouses are so jammed with major household appliances that most factories have reduced output and laid off employees.

There are many and conflicting proposals for what should be done and who should do it, but a surprising number of points are not in dispute: that, for example, air and rail transport, TV and radio, natural gas are suffocating under the incredible delays and confusions of the regulatory agencies; that the re-equipment of our industry with up-to-date tools is stymied by the most irrational depreciation rules in the world; that a combination of these rules, heavy taxation, creeping inflation, massive non-productive

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government spending, and inflationary wage rises forced by monopoly unions is weakening our international competitive position; that controls, court rulings, monopolistic tendencies and bureaucracy in and out of government are spreading a sclerosis that unfits our economy for dynamic adaptation to inevitably changing conditions.

Congress, not surprisingly, has been much occupied the past few months with "economic measures," and will devote the breathless weeks of the post-convention session to a batch that was left suspended when the members headed west July 3. Among the bills that have come before the Houses, or will next month, there is none that proposes to release our economy from a single one of these strangulating factors which stunt economic growth, raise costs and reduce flexibility. Instead a coarsely demagogic bill to jump wages of the entire federal bureaucracy by 7½ per cent—described rightly by the President as "indefensible by any light"—has been enacted over Presidential veto by a majority that included all Democratic candidates for succession to Mr. Eisenhower, and went unreproved by either the official or unofficial candidate of the Republicans. Also made into law are numerous pork barrel additions—of the classic rivers and harbor, irrigation, help to small business varieties—to routine appropriation measures. Jockeying in committee and sure to get election-panting majorities are a bill to introduce a new cost-raising stiffness by upping the minimum wage rate, and a jumble of handout bills (medicine, schools, housing) which, insofar as not successfully vetoed, will promote inflation, enlarge the bureaucratic apparatus, and saddle productive business with a load still heavier than that under which it has lately been reeling.

It was with an appropriate scorn that Arthur Krock, the learned and responsible Washington commentator, wrote on Independence Day: "The great overriding majorities [to upset the veto of the federal pay rise bill] were cast amid echoes of the oratory of Presidential candidates and other politicians calling for high-mindedness, personal sacrifice, greatness, leadership, and so on, worthy of the great issues of the 1960 Presidential campaign. . . . All the Democratic Presidential candidates . . . voted for fiscal irresponsibility, special group privilege and inequitable treatment. . . . As yet neither of the two Republicans who are actively disputing what kind of platform the party candidate shall offer to the people has taken any public notice of the fact that a majority of the Republicans in Congress disregarded the plea of the Republican President that they make good their claims of superiority over the Democrats when it comes to fiscal responsibility and the courage to stand against special-interest groups.

" 'We must become less anxious to be popular and more eager to be right,' is the Fourth of July maxim which Senator Butler urged upon politicians and the people today. He had just demonstrated his adherence to this piety by voting with eighteen other Republican Senators for . . . a $750 million handout."

Grandfather Kennedy

Senator Kennedy's reply to Mr. Truman was effective, as why shouldn't it have been, given the transparency of Mr. Truman's maneuvers. (See "National Trends.") Mr. Kennedy allowed himself one *jeu d'esprit*—his crack about how Mr. Truman considers a convention open only when all the delegates meet, carefully weigh all the candidates, and then select the man Mr. Truman designates. Beyond that Kennedy said not very much (there wasn't very much he had to say) other than to report solemnly on the heroic record of youth, ranging from Alexander the Great to himself: and indeed he reminded his audience so diligently of the many years he had spent in public service and the amount of experience he had crowded into them, that he came close to giving the impression that the time had come for him, finally, to retire—from fatigue.

Mr. Kennedy remains, on the eve of his great hour in Los Angeles, an enigma. One can come no closer to understanding him, so far as we know, than by rereading John Chamberlain's profile in a recent issue of this magazine. But even then, so help us, it is unclear not why *he* wants to be President of the United States (the question is silly to ask, except in the abstract formulation, Why should *any* one want to be President of the United States?), but why so many people want *him* to be President of the United States. Granted, the office must be occupied by someone, and Mr. Kennedy *is* someone: an attractive, intelligent, efficient man. Politically, he is what he has to be to please the most important Democrats. Period. His critique of American life seems to reduce to a profound dissatisfaction with his own non-occupancy of the White House. His use of his own and his family's photogenic youth has been skillful. His leadership, we are reminded, will be wonderfully, exhilaratingly energetic! . . . if only he could think where to lead us; though as in the past, he will probably find out by looking through the yellow pages of Americans for Democratic Action.

Well, Mr. Kennedy is off on a great adventure, and we must not, for failure to sympathize with his political movement, fail to understand him as a man. If he makes it, we may know more about him; and certainly we shall know more about ourselves.

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Whose Drums on the Congo?

If history were a cinema script, we could all greet the Congo's Uhuru Day—Independence Day, as we called it in our time—with unstinted applause. Seldom have there been subjects more photogenetically apt than this visual shift from White to Black, symbolized by the nervous young King of the Belgians—his sword snatched from its scabbard in mid-ceremony by a black hand—passing the keys of power to a thin-bearded, ectomorphic black jail bird; or the embracing of city-clothed new bureaucrats and feather-crested village headmen; or the bare-breasted drum-prodded dancers, like animated pages of the *National Geographic,* placating the Uhuru demons; or the gorgeous, seven-foot-high, spear-wielding Watutsis scrimmaging with the democratizing swarms of low-caste pygmies. With the blinding flash from this Heart of Darkness—where else but the Congo could Joseph Conrad have meant by his haunting title?—the "explosion of Africa" shakes all the world's political seismographs.

Alas, how light-mindedly we glance at the flamboyant headlines that are served up with our breakfast coffee. Any queries that come to mind are smothered by the flattening clichés about "nationalism," "self-determination," "end of colonialism," and "revolution of rising expectations."

How many of us know that in the new Republic of Congo is situated the richest and largest copper vein on earth, 85 per cent of the world's known deposits of a decisive metal (cobalt) of the new technological era, a major source of highest grade uranium, principal supplies of industrial diamonds—essential to modern industry—along with rubber, cocoa, and potentially enormous harvests of tropical agriculture? Have we considered what it would mean to lose these supplies to the enemy?

Have we pondered the strategic location of the Congo Republic at the center of Africa, holding the interior position from which the greater part of the Dark Continent can be most effectively dominated? As we wish this new nation, created *ex nihilo* out of Wilsonian abstractions by Belgian funk, good fortune in its freedom, have we studied the statistics that show no trained native Congolese administrators beyond the level of a junior clerk, only three university graduates out of all its 13 million, not a single engineer or lawyer or doctor, not one trained banker for the native staff that now takes over the Congolese Central Bank?

We may be sure that the enemy is acquainted with the resources, the statistics and the strategic problem. In his schools—at Prague, Moscow, Warsaw, East Berlin and Budapest—several thousand young Congolese, smuggled out through Guinea or via Uganda and Ethiopia, are being meticulously prepared for their role in the Congo Republic's future. Late travelers in the hinterland report Czech rifles in the primitive hands of the villagers. On the desks of the French-speaking literate layer sprout a bumper crop of brochures of economic and political science *à la Moscou,* printed in Belgium for the Kremlin account. The enemy is not afraid of the tribal and barbarian chaos that he expects soon to be tearing the vast Congo basin into political shreds. Rather he prepares to provoke and maximize it by the flow of guns, corrosive ideas and subverting organization. When the fabric of Congolese society is shattered, he estimates, it will be his agents, guided by his plan and program, who will knit it together again.

But we too are not wholly idle. We have raised our local Ministry to full Embassy rank, with a corresponding lift to top scale in the salary and perquisites of our national representation. We are not going to risk the charge of insulting the ex-jail bird who runs our new sister-state by offering him anything less than an Ambassador to spit on.

To Talk or Not to Talk

The Kremlin, judging that it was not going to get what it wanted, sent Khrushchev to Paris to call off the Summit. Better luck next time, the High Command figures. After another eight or ten months of softening us up, with perhaps a more complaisant tenant in the White House, it can try again. On similar grounds, there didn't seem much point in dragging out the disarmament palaver at Geneva. Not only were the French and Americans a bit sticky on the controls, inspection and stage-by-stage issues, but the whole affair was so boring that it no longer got much of a press. So the Russians put the subject over to the UN General Assembly, where they can be sure of plenty of applause for their Program for Instant Peace from the new jungle and desert plenipotentiaries.

But there is one other conference table at which the Russian delegation remains seated. Last week the Geneva talks on banning nuclear tests ended their twentieth month and 225th formal session, and Semyon K. Tsarapkin was still going strong. Why this seeming asymmetry in the application of the usually monolithic Communist line, which at the moment is on an anti-talk tangent?

The explanation is simple enough. In the nuclear test talks, the Russians *have* got what they want, have *already* got it: for what they want is not a treaty, and not necessarily even headlines and a chance for propaganda, but *a total ban on Western nuclear testing.* This they have had, and will apparently maintain, so long as the talks continue. So they talk. To keep them docile, they even feed their

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tamed imperialist warmongering opposite numbers an occasional "concession" or two, with a scrap of "compromise," prompting a headline like "Minor Gains Made at Test-Ban Talks" (*New York Times*, July 6, 1960).

But why do *we* keep talking? Ah, there's the real mystery! We talk, *and meanwhile preserve the ban inviolate,* in spite of the fact that underground tests are now known to cause no fallout (alleged motive for seeking a test ban in the first place), and in face of the unequivocal determination by both agencies charged with the relevant responsibility—the Pentagon and the Atomic Energy Committee—that the continuing ban must gravely imperil our security and survival.

"Life is short," sighed the philosophical Nikita in the Austrian mountains, "and I want to see the Red Flag fly over the whole world in my lifetime." No one can say he didn't tell us. He will bury us if it takes two thousand two hundred and fifty disarmament talks!

Sugar Daddy's Troubles

If we were writing about subsidies or subsidized quotas as an abstract proposition in economics, we would say, "Away with them." But the recent hassle over the reallocation of the Cuban sugar quota for the rest of 1960 and the first quarter of 1961, which resulted in a House-Senate compromise bill empowering the President to give most of Cuba's quota to Panama, Costa Rica, Haiti, Taiwan and the Philippines, poses issues of foreign policy; and it is by foreign policy criteria that it must be judged.

The reasons for suspending sugar imports from Cuba and giving the Administration the authority to reallocate were 1) to strike back at Castro for his dirty anti-American and pro-Soviet indignities and 2) to help take some of the tarnish off our foreign policy "image" which had accumulated through months of supine inaction. The Senate and House were moved to act on the Cuban sugar issue in a hurry because Fidel Castro was moving heaven and earth to rent or purchase freighters with which to deliver the 1960 quota before it could be cut. Since the cost to Cuba of producing sugar is 3.6 cents a pound (close to the highest in the world), it was imperative that Castro unload on us at two cents over the world price before the U.S. got around to reprisals for the seizure of U.S.-owned oil properties. Certainly Cuba's new Communist customers—the Soviet Union, Red China, East Germany and Poland —would pay nothing extra for the sugar; they don't do business that way.

We are happy that Congress stepped in before Castro had succeeded in unloading the full 1960 quota. We are also happy that the House rejected the Senate's effort to give the Cuban quota to domestic producers of sugar in Utah, Colorado and other American states. We are not against Utah or sugar beet farmers; indeed, other things being equal, we would prefer to get our sugar from them. But if the domestic sugar lobby had succeeded in this instance in cutting up Cuba's old quota for themselves it would have given Fidel Castro a powerful anti-U.S. forensic weapon to be wielded in tropical sugar lands. Now that Eisenhower has used his authority to give Castro's erstwhile share in our offshore sugar purchases to other Caribbean countries and to the Philippines and Taiwan, diatribes must fall on increasingly impervious ears.

One Year Ago

"CUBA HAS ONE-MAN RULE AND IT IS CALLED NON-RED"
"Youthful Castro Regime Beset by Problems, Is Learning by Doing"
"Castro's Regime Is Found Non-Red"

"This is not a Communist revolution in any sense of the word and there are no Communists in positions of control. This is the overwhelming consensus among Cubans in the best position to know and this writer subscribes to the opinion after searching inquiries and talks with Cubans in all walks of life and with many Americans.

"There seem to be very few in Cuba—and one need have no hesitation in saying this—who believe Fidel Castro is . . . under Communist influence. . . The problem of Communism, which aroused little interest in Cuba until the Americans picked it up, can be easily summarized. . . There are no Reds in the Cabinet and none in high positions in the government or army in the sense of being able to control governmental or defense policies. . . Premier Castro is not only not Communist but decidedly anti-Communist, even though he does not consider it desirable in the present circumstances to attack or destroy the Reds—as he is in a position to do any time he wants.

"One feature of Premier Castro's attitude is typical of the Cuban leaders. That is that however anti-Communist they feel, they will not, as they see it, humiliate themselves by acting as if they were under American orders, pressures or threats. The attacks and suspicions in the United States are considered here to be strengthening the Communists by making them far more important than they really are."

Herbert L. Matthews
New York Times, July 16, 1959

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We Were in Force, Baby

Like man, it was a gas. We made the Newport scene, dig? A cool chick I dig pads down up there, and we boozed it baby, boozed it. I mean we were tanked, Charlie. So the day is a drag, I mean you can only make it for so long. So dig. We fish out some bread, and split over to the sounds. Man, it was Subwaysville; like packed, dig? My man Oscar is whalin', like he's really blowing the sounds, but we can't make the scene on account of the fuzzniks. But we were in force, baby, I mean like togetherness. So we sipping our brew in front of the fuzzniks, still wanting to make the scene, dig? But the fuzz, man, they're like this girl Alice in the Village; all they say is "No." So dig. A cat behind me, he's wild, man, and he heaves this bottle at the fuzz, hits one in the choppers. That was the first note, man, from then on we swung and the squares gig too. Like we were in force, baby, and it gets real wild. Well, man, you must have dug the sheets. The squares made us front page, Charlie. But dig, I get wheeled down to the fuzz hut. There's this groovy old cat, man, and he keeps about 20 of the crew and like we're free to split. He's all the time jamming with sounds, like "This is society's fault." Too much. Like in 'Frisco man, only we didn't have any of these anti-Russki squares to sound on. So later, man, I dig where they close shop at Newport, which will be drag, man, a drag. But man, while it lasted, it was a gas.

The Golden Melting Pot

On July 1 the six nations of the European Economic Community took, on schedule, a long new step that confirms, and makes all but irrevocable, their course toward the agreed goal of a great new free market region comprising the decisive part of the European subcontinent. Custom duties on export trade among France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg—whose economies are currently growing at rates substantially higher than in either the United States or the Soviet Union—were cut a second 10 per cent, following last year's initial 10 per cent.

The planned program for reduction to zero in ten years will probably be speeded by the very effects of partial reduction. The immediate internal result is both tougher competition and expanded opportunities within the six-nation area, with large French, German, Italian and Benelux concerns gradually losing their specifically national characteristics as they more and more operate on a full Common Market basis. Meanwhile the integration of the Common Market as an economic unit—and inevitably as a political unit also—confronts Washington with a virile new competitor, Moscow with a potential source of rival power within the Eurasian land mass, and London with a conundrum: may not the market area of her improvised Outer Seven prove to be the world economy's Outer Darkness?

FLN in the School of Mao

The initial breakdown in Franco-Algerian negotiations was to be expected, given certain basic assumptions on either side and a number of other less obvious but highly relevant facts. The terrorist National Liberation Front (FLN) has always taken the position that it will not enter negotiations with France for a cease-fire unless it is first recognized as a "government" and given political guarantees that would, in effect, ensure Algerian independence under FLN rule. De Gaulle has promised Algerian "self-determination," but has refused political negotiations or guarantees until a cease-fire is agreed to. His firm stand on these points forced the suspension of negotiations.

His emissaries informed the rebel delegation headed by Ahmed Boumendjel that de Gaulle himself would not take part in the formal talks with Ferhat Abbas, Premier of the Provisional Government, which were to have followed the initial *rencontre.* (A meeting of the French Chief of State with Abbas would mean de facto recognition of the Provisional Government).

Despite the breakdown, the FLN may be said to have won the first round.

Within France, the start of negotiations, with their seeming promise of an end to "the dirty war," has already evoked what the Communists have sought since 1948; a revived united front, formalized by a pact in support of "peace" among the Communist, Socialist and Catholic trade union federations, and stretching by political implication as far as de Gaulle himself, whose present course is backed by the combine.

On the other flank, de Gaulle has struck out against the supporters of *Algérie Française* by secretly ordering its leaders — among them Jacques Soustelle, Georges Bidault and Robert Lacoste—restricted to metropolitan French territory. They continue, however, to organize opposition to any agreement that would cut Algeria wholly away from France, and they are powerfully supported by Marshal Alphonse-Pierre Juin, France's highest ranking soldier.

We are informed that Peiping agents, in full accord with Moscow (which cannot act directly because of its diplomatic and avowedly cordial relations with France) are now guiding FLN tactics. Following

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normal Maoist methods, they have advised negotiations, not to supplant but to supplement the fighting and terror. The negotiations will get nowhere, but will be dragged out as an effective psychological device to help destroy what will is left in France to continue the exhausting struggle in North Africa.

Ferhat Abbas admitted incautiously, in his July 5 statement that "in France . . . the forces of peace are developing and growing stronger . . . and sooner or later *real* negotiations will impose themselves" upon the French government. At that time, the Algerian leaders believe, France will accept conditions that will assure FLN rule in Algeria. The trade union united front was the first quick victory for this Maoist tactic.

On behalf of the left-wing intellectuals, Jean-Paul Sartre summed up the situation in an interview with the *New Statesman*: "The French Left must stand solidly with the FLN. Their fates are linked. Victory for the FLN will be victory for the Left." In France's equivocal moral twilight, which de Gaulle has proved unable to dissipate, such open adherence to the enemy is not, apparently, defined as treason.

Notes and Asides

An editorial in the *Orlando Sentinel* (Orlando, Fla.), states categorically that "the voice of conservative America, NATIONAL REVIEW," has picked Lyndon Johnson "as the best man in either party for President." Gentlemen, gentlemen. What John Chamberlain said (as quoted by the *Sentinel* itself) is: "With Johnson chosen to fight Nixon, there would be no clear-cut choice for voters, whether conservative or Liberal. But at least Khrushchev would be 'out' of the election and the American people would not be presented with the temptation to vote their own eclipse." We don't deny that Mr. Chamberlain was sorta sympathetic to Lyndon. But he has also been sorta sympathetic to Nixon. He informs us that he is waiting to see—as the other editors of NATIONAL REVIEW are waiting to see—which man proves himself, by words and deeds from here on in, to be the "better man" for the Presidency. Or even whether a choice is meaningless.

By Presidential designation pursuant to a congressional joint resolution, next week (July 17-23) is Captive Nations Week. The next issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, while it will be devoted principally to news of the two political conventions, will carry an important article by Professor Robert Strausz-Hupé of the University of Pennsylvania on the prospects for freedom for the enslaved nations.

In This Issue

. . . as in virtually every issue these days, we have a good deal to say about Cuba. We do not, we hope, need to justify our persistent interest in Communism's beachhead in this hemisphere, or in the strange megalomaniac who guides Cuba's destiny. This week we feature a constructive proposal: Get rid of Castro, together with instructions on how to do it by Mr. ANTHONY HARRIGAN, who has written several times for NATIONAL REVIEW. He is assistant editor of the Charleston *News and Courier*, a contributor to many scholarly and historical quarterlies, a lifelong student of military strategy. We publish also an impressionistic view of Havana today, an on-the-spot record by the novelist, GORDON DAVIS. In 1953 Mr. Davis wrote *I Came to Kill*, a fictional account of an American rifleman hired to slay the Communist-lining dictator of an unidentified Latin American country. In 1956, he was in Cuba when Fidel Castro landed on the shore of Oriente Province. Recently returning to Havana, Mr. Davis spoke with Americans and Cubans he had known before the Castro takeover. "Havana Revisited," on page 15, is the result.

NOEL PARMENTEL writes about the Johansson-Patterson bout: as usual, a funny and provocative piece. Incidentally, we receive more mail pro and anti-Parmentel here than we do on any other writer. There are those of you, we know, who would gladly slit his throat. And there are others of you who write, *Don't, don't* let him stop writing. The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW do not by any means agree with Mr. Parmentel on everything, not even nearly everything, he says. But he has a nose for a phony, and our contention, lo these many years, has been that many of our public oracles are just that. Phonies. And anyway, public figures (we speak of the pompous and the hypocrites) have got to be prepared to live a rough life.

We are happy to publish, for the first time, Professor F. A. HAYEK, of the University of Chicago, who reviews the latest biography of Francis Bacon, "forerunner of Hegel and of Marx and Engels." Dr. Hayek's latest book, recently reviewed by Frank Meyer, is *The Constitution of Liberty;* a book of crucial importance to students of freedom. . . . FRANCIS RUSSELL, who writes about Professor Charles Townsend Copeland of Harvard, has not yet finished his book on Sacco-Vanzetti. "When is it scheduled for publication?" "April, 1959," he replied. Mr. Russell, it can be seen, is a professional writer! . . . THOMAS MOLNAR reviews Rudolf Hoess' *Commandant of Auschwitz,* the grisly memoir of the head of a German concentration camp. Mr. Molnar knows whereof he writes: during the war he spent time (as inmate) in Dachau and Buchenwald.

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National Trends

Behind Mr. Truman's Attack

L. BRENT BOZELL

It was the same old Truman—salty, rude, impossibly bumptious. "I want to read this statement," he told a news conference that had been summoned for the purpose, "and then I'll let you fellows who are curious ask questions, and I'll answer them if I want to."

This was Harry Truman's one chance for the spotlight. It may have been true that the convention was "fixed," and that John Kennedy's nomination was assured. But it was also true that Truman had been assigned an Old Boy's role at the convention—that he was due to be, simply, one of its ceremonies. And that hurt. The one way to avoid being treated as a has-been was not to go to Los Angeles; and the one way of taking the edge off the disclosure that all of his power had disappeared was to allege—as he did, in effect, in Independence—that the conscienceless scheming of his opponents had made a fair test of power impossible.

The statement itself was up to its ears in nonsense. The convention had been "pre-arranged" to bring about Kennedy's nomination? The charge was a little like the manager of the Washington Senators claiming on opening day that the pennant race has been pre-arranged for a Yankee victory. Kennedy, to be sure, had the troops. He had pre-arranged things in the sense of winning all of the primaries, and of corralling a large number of other delegates, and of persuading key members of the Democratic National Committee that it would be prudent under the circumstances to be friendly in making convention arrangements.

There would not be an "open convention" this year—no "free and deliberative process"? In the sense Truman meant, there seldom is. The ex-President may remember another Democratic convention that was pretty well sewed up in advance: had it been otherwise in 1948, Truman would never have been nominated. Thanks to the pre-arrangements of that year, the Democrats selected the most unpopular candidate either party has ever brought into a Presidential campaign.

Nor, typically, was Truman right on the facts. The convention's verdict was *not* in—not yet. Kennedy had the inside track, but he was still a good way from the finish line. Six-hundred-and-some delegates are a hundred-and-some short of nomination, and there were times last week that favorite son groups were proving harder to get than Kennedy's lieutenants had expected. Had the facts really been what Truman said they were, no loyal party man (and Truman is minimally that) would have dreamed of calling attention to them. Since the charge of a Kennedy steamroller would nullify the anticipated charge of a Nixon steamroller, it would be a wanton anti-party act to make the accusation after the fact. Precisely because there was *not* a "fix," in other words, Truman could allege one—as a stop-Kennedy maneuver.

As for the effectiveness of the maneuver, the commentators were quite right in pointing out that Truman is more famous for failing to influence Democratic conventions than for influencing them. They recalled the attempt to promote Averell Harriman in 1956, understandably, as a prelude to predicting that the 1960 effort would fail even more miserably. And to the extent this year's blast was designed to help Senator Symington, the analogy was probably apt. But was this really Truman's purpose? Suppose Symington was a stalking-horse, and that Truman's aim—aside from wanting to kick up his heels and prove that he is still around—was to help Johnson by hurting Kennedy: and that the way he proposed to hurt Kennedy was to bore in on the Youth argument: *"Senator, are you certain that you're quite ready for the country . . . in the role of President?"* Is it, then, so clear that the maneuver failed?

Two days later Senator Kennedy was presiding over a press conference of his own, and the question on everyone's mind was how he would answer the point about his youth. He met the challenge head-on. He made a number of telling debaters' points against Truman, he fashioned an eloquent rhetorical bit about the need for a young national "image" (African countries, after all, had them); he reminded everyone he was only four years younger than Nixon and had been in government every day as long; and he recalled that Theodore Roosevelt, William Pitt and Alexander the Great had done very well indeed as young men. When the conference was over, everyone was thinking and talking about how the Senator had handled the question of his youth—and the question seemed even more on people's minds than it had been before.

Kennedy had taken the bait. He had chosen to strike back at an argument that Truman couldn't have cared less about winning. Truman's aim was to get the argument going—he meant to create an issue, not to dispose of one. He was confident that if the question could be discussed often enough and widely enough, a sufficient number of strategic persons would come up with the right answer. He probably guessed, what is more, that as the controversy developed, Kennedy would be his own worst enemy. For no matter how winningly Kennedy declaimed on the abstract advantages of youth, there would be nothing he could do about Kennedy. There would still be the boy's face, and the more he tried to turn it into a virtue the more his listeners would realize that the legendary qualities of youth—freshness of outlook, resoluteness, daring—were exactly the qualities this young man lacked. His ideas were drab pickings from the decadent Liberalism he claimed to espouse; his will seemed as flabby as those of his mentors—Schlesinger, MacLeish, Stevenson; his style had been canned and patented on Madison Avenue many years ago. Kennedy's youth, in other words, was *all* that was young about him. The "image," in so far as it was distinctive at all, was that of a kid proposing to look after grown people's affairs.

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How to Save Cuba

Here is a thoughtful program for the overthrow of Fidel Castro, without calling on the Marines: we can turn the Communists' tactics against them.

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

Though Cape Canaveral and the H-bomb plant on the Savannah River have not been targets of missiles emplaced on Cuban soil, the Castro dictatorship is waging war against the United States. It is Stalinist-style warfare characterized by the seizure of U. S. properties, systematic distortion of the truth, and all the agitation and propaganda tactics in the Communist book.

It is time for Americans to realize they are under attack and to take to the offensive. Unless this country acts promptly against Fidel Castro, Cuba will become a diplomatic and strategic Pearl Harbor in a Western Hemisphere which has become a target of Communist indirect aggression. The time has passed when the U.S. public could consider whether intervention in Cuba is advisable. After Castro's reception of Soviet Deputy Premier Mikoyan, after the Cuban pact with Warsaw for the supply of military aircraft, after the confiscation of millions of dollars of American property, after the pressures mounted against the U.S. naval base at Guantanamo Bay, and after the systematic hate campaign, designed to destroy traditional Cuban-American friendship, the United States has only one question to consider—how intervention may best be achieved.

"Let's send in the Marines" is a cry that is often heard these days from citizens outraged at Communist-front aggressive tactics in Cuba. As a last resort, that may be necessary. Joseph Alsop recently recognized that the necessity for armed intervention by the Marines soon may arise. James Reston of the *New York Times* cut across that newspaper's editorial line to wonder aloud in a dispatch from Havana just how long the United States could avoid using troops.

But in preparing counter-moves to the Communist war by subversion in Cuba, the United States would do well to develop plans of action that are as bold and original as the operations of the enemy. The sensible thing for the United States to do is to meet war by subversion with the technique of counter-subversion, and guerrilla operations with counter-guerrilla operations. Resort to conventional intervention in Cuba, on the lines of the move in Lebanon, might cost the United States many of its Cuban friends. A national defense psychology could be easily created by the Castro propaganda apparatus and directed against the U. S.

Depend upon Cubans

The United States has the most to gain by employing war methods that are partially hidden. The use of conspiratorial methods does not rule out the use of conventional weapons, but it bars their employment by men in American uniforms, at least during the opening stages of the big drive against Castro.

To drive Castro and the Communist elements from Cuba, the United States should and can depend upon Cubans. Thousands of patriotic anti-Communist Cubans have entered the United States. Others have gone into exile in various lands bordering the Caribbean. Still others are holding out in Cuba, waiting for the signal to rise against the Red dictatorship that has seized power in their country. A former judge of a high Cuban court is washing dishes in a Miami restaurant. Great numbers are doing other menial jobs, hoping for the opportunity to strike against their enemy at home. The logical thing for the United States to do is to give these Cubans the opportunity and the means of driving Castro from power.

Friends of a free Cuba can help by organizing a Committee to Free Cuba. Such an organization, made up of known friends of Cuba who are staunch anti-Communists and who know how to resist Liberal infiltration, would provide a rallying point for anti-Castro activities. Already Castro apologists in the United States have beaten the anti-Communists to the punch by the formation of a Fair Play for Cuba Committee, which is nothing more than a mouthpiece of the Cuban dictator. Composed of persons who have long records as friends of leftist regimes, this committee is another indication of the forces that are ruling in Cuba.

With a Free Cuba committee in action, the next step would be pressure on the State Department to permit and indeed to encourage the formation of a Cuban liberation movement headed by Cuban exiles who are known friends of the United States and the capitalist system. At this stage, left-wing elements should not be permitted to take part in such a movement. Already there are signs that the *New York Times* is promoting the Movement of Revolutionary Reform, a mildly anti-Castro group that nevertheless favors the anti-capitalist goals of the present Cuban dictatorship. The U.S. has little to gain in exchanging for Castro a regime that is merely a trifle less radical.

Once a Cuban liberation movement has been formed in the United States —once a center of resistance operations is established—the need vanishes for continued United States recognition of the Castro regime as the legitimate government of Cuba. As Castro has rejected appeals for elections and has muzzled the press, the United States has ample grounds for announcing that it no longer considers the Castro regime as representative of the Cuban people.

From that point on the task of U. S. authorities is essentially military. While the State Department is unwilling to take firm action against Castro, the armed forces display no

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such hesitancy. The Navy is well aware of the menace a Communist Cuba offers to the security of the Caribbean and the South Atlantic. The Army and the Air Force fear Soviet missile bases may be installed on Cuban soil. They know that the United States cannot tolerate a Communist Cuba.

A complete diplomatic and economic break with the present government should precede the launching of military operations against Castro by Free Cuba forces. Congress should invoke the Monroe Doctrine and declare that a European power is committing indirect aggression against the United States and other American nations by its creation of a satellite regime in Cuba. That should be followed by a stop order against the shipment of all supplies to Cuba from this country, including the spare parts for engines and mechanical equipment that are essential in a land where virtually all machinery is of American manufacture. The United States should refuse to permit shipment into this hemisphere of war supplies destined for the Castro government, and order the U. S. Atlantic Fleet to set up patrols to bar European vessels delivering arms to Castro.

Ample precedent for this kind of action exists in the history of U. S. relations with the Vichy government in North Africa. Without a formal declaration of war, the United States took those measures it considered necessary to insure its own security and advance the war effort against Nazi Germany.

One Lightning Blow

In considering the actual military operation necessary to drive Castro and the Reds from power in Cuba, it is necessary to realize the overriding importance of striking a single lightning blow. To start a prolonged civil war in Cuba, in which the country was torn to pieces by rival groups, would hardly be in the American interest. And in the light of the psychology of the U. S. public, support for such a struggle would seem to be slim. Americans quickly tired of the war in Korea. In all likelihood, they would not accept a Korea-type war in Cuba.

The basic American assumption must be that the Cuban people will join the liberation forces when they land on the island. If the United States cannot realistically hold this assumption, then an attempt at liberation would be a waste of national effort. In the event that liberation was ruled out, the only course possible for the U.S. would be to mount the missile defenses necessary to blast Cuba out of the sea should there be all-out war between the free and Communist worlds.

A simultaneous strike against Castro-controlled Cuba would have to be timed with an uprising of anti-Castro forces. The planning for this, so as to assure a coordinated attack, would be a joint task for the counter-subversion groups of free Cubans, plus the CIA and military intelligence groups.

The actual military strike would have to be airborne. The size of Cuba necessitates air drops of resistance groups or the landing of freedom fighters by aircraft. The failure of Castro's air force to shoot down light planes used to set fire to cane fields indicates air defense of the island is now and would be negligible, especially as the number of planes available would be inadequate to halt any mass flight of planes over Cuba.

Such a mass flight is what would be necessary. Since the United States might not wish to use its own military planes, manned by its own air personnel, on missions against Castro, it would be necessary for the free Cubans to obtain a tremendous fleet of privately-owned light planes. This is not at all far-fetched, for most Latin air operations in revolutionary situations involve precisely this type of aircraft. Moreover, these small planes can land on highways and could deliver liberation fighters to the outskirts of major traffic and communications centers.

Because the flights would be one-way, the distance these planes could cover would be twice as great as under normal flying conditions. But, of course, there are some areas of Cuba which would be beyond their reach. U. S. military aircraft, operating under secret orders and with CIA officers in charge, could carry out air-drops over Santiago de Cuba and other distant points.

The Castro forces that the liberation fighters would encounter are troops of questionable effectiveness. But no doubt exists as to the quality and quantity of their arms. Fidel Castro has spent an estimated $30 million on modern weapons since he came to power. Nevertheless, with the vast military resources of the United States available to a free Cuban liberation movement, the Fidelistas should be brought under control without undue difficulty. It should be borne in mind that among the thousands of Cubans eager to liberate their country from Communist dictatorship are great numbers of experienced soldiers who know the ways of the Castro army, for many of them are disillusioned partisans of the July 26 movement.

Indeed, once a liberation movement has the Castro forces on the run and has gained control of the principal centers in Cuba, a provisional government of Cuba could call on the United States for open assistance in the pacification of the country. This need not involve the commitment to Cuba of large ground units. But if the naval vessels, air fleet, communications and signal forces were ordered to assist the free Cubans, the back of the Castro resistance soon would be broken. With prompt American assistance, a free Cuba could quickly restore order and take steps to repair the economic ruin brought about by Guevara and his confiscatory brigands. A complete mop-up of the Castro forces might take a long time, but the terrible threat against the United States would be ended. And the Cuban people would have their freedom restored.

The only question is whether the United States has the boldness and the courage to take the unconventional steps it must to smash a Soviet satellite at its national doorstep.

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Special Report

Havana Revisited

GORDON DAVIS

You see it in the stolid faces of taxi drivers, hotel clerks, croupiers and waiters—the sullen resentment of a captive population; once too indifferent to resist the Castro onslaught; now too disillusioned to allow itself the luxury of hope.

Turn to the want-ad page of the English-language newspaper: *Foreigner Leaving. Selling Out. Household possessions, refrigerator, hi-fi, perambulator* . . . everything going, including a comfortable way of life in a land now grown inexplicably cruel and hostile. Dice rattle at the bar of the American Club, but it reminds you of the final bravura at Raffles before Japanese swarmed into Singapore. At the tables foreign businessmen talk in subdued voices; even in this air-conditioned enclave no one wants to be overheard by the waiter. "I'm not pulling out," one American declares. "Sure, they'll confiscate everything I've got—everything I've built up for the last twenty years, but to get it they'll have to kick me out! Why the hell should I accommodate them?" His factory worth half a million dollars is one of many foreign enterprises established during the Batista regime. So it qualifies automatically for expropriation.

A linen-suited Cuban enters and takes his place at the bar. Other men turn their backs on him. The Cuban had been a secret Castro backer and served briefly as a cabinet minister. Club members recall his classifying of all foreign businessmen in Cuba as third-raters. He went along with Castro, the members remind each other. Now he's lost Castro's confidence and there's nowhere he can go. The hell with him.

These are bitter, cynical men who have seen green-shirted rabble saunter into their offices, brace their heels on the desk and order the owner to get out while he can walk. They have seen ten-year-old girls in Youth Militia uniforms, marching in formation along the sidewalks of Havana; colored construction workers shuffling in ragged formation, taking their daily military drill.

"Invasion is Imminent," the banners proclaim. "Fatherland or Death." Government-controlled radio is even more shrill than the banners and posters, trusting foreign news to serve the destructive ends of the "Revolution." The propaganda mills vomit hysteria to Cuban multitudes grown passive before the monotonous outpourings of the revolutionary government.

One hears rumors of revolt, of attempted assassinations. The rumors spread because they are the fruit of repressed desire and such hope as remains must feed upon it or nothing. It is as though the top had blown off the mountain and now the lava was flowing down the mountainside, destroying the huts and canefields of those who had cheered the pyrotechnic display.

Havana is an occupied city; its populace dazed and disoriented. There is no gaiety, no life. Roulette wheels whir to a thin line of shills and B-girls. In the corner the bartender has not even bothered to light the bar. Why should he? No one ever comes. In Havana's skyline the words *Habana Libre* glow where once *Habana Hilton* caught the eye. The *Nacional* garden sports pistol-carrying *barbudo* guards. "Intervened," the *Nacional* will become a hospital for the poor—so Castro says. Or just another private brothel for his acolytes, like the St. Johns and the Riviera? Night-club acts perform expensive shows to audienceless rooms. Snow blindness is a Havana infirmity—caused by acres of snowy napery and an unobstructed view.

Sirens scream down the street, closer, closer to your hotel. You get out of bed and tilt the louver to peer down at the street. Below, a new Lincoln skids to a stop and machine-gun-toting soldiers vault out and cordon the street. Four soldiers enter an apartment building across the street. It is quick work for them. They haul their manacled, half-naked quarry to the sidewalk and kick him into the Lincoln—prisoners for La Cabaña ride first class. The Lincoln screeches away. You close the louver and go back to bed but it is a long time before sleep comes.

You breakfast with an American businessman who grins as he explains his passive resistance to Castroism. (The first grin you've seen in Havana.) "I give my employees a raise every month," he says. "I call in my foremen and ask them if they have any complaints, any suggestions. Whatever it is, I make it right. And then I hand out another raise on the spot. You see, my business is slated to be taken over. When the *barbudos* start running it they'll cut wages way down; then they'll have a bunch of bitter and discontented workmen on their hands. Multiply that discontent and change is bound to come."

At the airport you see Cubans and Americans milling about, trying to find seats to Miami to replace flights abruptly canceled by Cubana Airlines. Cubana ticket clerks won't tell you why, but you suspect a Cubana pilot or stewardess had been denounced for political nonconformity. Or now that the Cubans have taken over Texaco and Shell and Esso there may not be enough gasoline for Cubana's fleet of Viscounts. You watch Cubans producing huge envelopes of documents for official inspection before they are allowed to enter the flight room.

An American couple with four children waits tight-lipped for the Miami flight. Their blond children chatter happily in Spanish, play with their toys on the floor—children born and educated in Cuba, turned out of a once friendly land by maniacs and mercenaries. Above the unwitting play of the children, the eyes of their parents are empty, unseeing. Stripped of what property they had, their future is only a bleak uncertainty. The flight is called; the Americans rise and, without looking back, gather their children and walk toward the waiting plane.

As the plane takes off, circles the lush tropical verdure and heads north, a Cuban stares back at the vanishing land and weeps unashamedly. In the brotherhood of man, you must weep with him.

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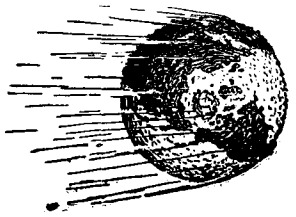

Mythical World of Kremlinology

JAMES BURNHAM

The qualification for becoming a recognized expert on Communist and Soviet affairs, competent to syndicate a column, write editorials for leading newspapers or guide governmental policy, is an unbroken record of error. It is not enough for a man to be wrong nine times out of ten: wrong, say, on Yalta, the Hitler-Stalin pact, Alger Hiss, Chinese agrarianism, Mikhailovitch-Tito, Korea, Soviet trade prospects, Castro and Guinea, but right on the San Marino elections. You've got to be wrong every time, or you can't make the grade.

The 100 per cent statistic here, extreme as it sounds, is literal, and there is a rational explanation for this seeming unreason. The errors in analysis, estimate, expectation and proposal all derive from a single root fallacy shared by experts and public: from the failure, unwillingness or inability to recognize that the Communist enterprise as an entirety is unalterably and continuously directed to our destruction. With this bottom truth unseen, a man can be correct on a particular item only by accident, and he will always be wrong in general conclusions and basic attitude. Admitting this truth, we can still make plenty of mistakes about how it applies to this or that, but we have at least a compass to keep us pointed in the right quarter.

Since the blowup of the Summit meeting, the experts have been trying to explain—explain away, rather—the abrupt change in Khrushchev's public manner. It does not occur to them that the reason why they have trouble finding a post-Summit explanation is because their pre-Summit estimate was false. If they had understood that Khrushchev was and is the responsible, disciplined executive of the Sino-Soviet bloc and the world Communist enterprise, there would have been no great mystery about his Paris behavior. The Communist leadership had come to the conclusion that it was not going to get from the Summit what it had expected—major concessions on Berlin as a minimum—and might be headed for a loss of face in the scheduled negotiations. Therefore no Summit. As simple as that.

But the experts had invented, or swallowed, a mythical Khrushchev who was the leader of a mythical liberalizing tendency which seeks peace, disarmament, coexistence, trade and cultural exchange. Small wonder, then, at their astonishment when they saw in action at Paris—a Bolshevik!

Choose Your Illusion

To harmonize this phenomenon with their previously painted Khrushchev-ikon, the experts now ask us to believe that Khrushchev was forced to change his policy and manner by: 1) the May 1 flight of the U-2; 2) the Soviet military; 3) Mikhail Suslov and the unreconciled "Stalinists"; 4) the Chinese.

This rationalizing apparatus was foisted on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "There are indications," it reported, "that Khrushchev's attitude in Paris was due at least in part to pressure from his own military and from the Chinese Communists. There are also indications that Khrushchev, at least before the U-2 incident, was identified with the Soviet advocates of a less aggressive, more cooperative course. If this was true, then it would have been in our interest to have done what we could to strengthen Khrushchev's position *vis-à-vis* the Soviet military and Chinese Communists."

These ideas have been made so familiar that few of us can accept the fact that they are as insubstantial as the once universally believed ideas of mermaids and dragons.

There is no evidence that the Soviet military has a policy line in conflict with Khrushchev's or any policy line at all, for that matter. The last Soviet soldier who held a top echelon political position—on the Presidium—was the man whom Mr. Eisenhower was deceived into considering his friend, Marshal Zhukov. But Zhukov did not "represent the armed forces." He sat on the Presidium as a qualified Bolshevik, not as a victorious captain. And he was dismissed from both his Presidium seat and his military command without a ripple. The brute-faced Malinovsky is not a Presidium member. Our empty-headed commentators speculated that Malinovsky went to Paris to keep an eye on Khrushchev. What he was really there for, of course, was to help Khrushchev intimidate these same commentators, and through them the Western public.

Screens and Diversions

So also with the fantasy-sprung "Stalinist faction." What, indeed, is Khrushchev, if not first among Stalinists—the recruit, pupil, instrument and comrade of Stalin, creatively adapting, like Stalin before his senile decay, the classic principles and procedures of the revolution to the demands of given circumstance? Nor is there evidence of any difference between Peiping and Moscow that affects their joined and mutually supporting front against the Free World. The Bucharest Communist Summit, just concluded, showed, or should have shown, how neatly the Moscow coexistence line and the Peiping fire-breathing inevitable-war line supplement rather than contradict each other.

How ridiculous the idea is that the May 1 U-2 flight caused the Summit breakdown. U-2 flights, with Moscow's knowledge, had been going on for four years, but they didn't stop Khrushchev's grin while he believed it to Russia's advantage. If the Kremlin had wanted the Summit, a squadron of U-2s over Russia wouldn't have kept Khrushchev home. No one in the West compelled the Kremlin to publicize the Powers flight. The U-2s are grounded, but the Russians broke up the disarmament talks without worrying about an "excuse." When they decided to quit, they just quit.

This rigmarole of the Kremlinologues is nothing but a verbal screen, hiding from them and from the rest of us the simple truth that the only thing we can do about the Communist enterprise, if we are unwilling to surrender, is defeat it.

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Three Young Americans in the USSR or What Intourist Doesn't Tell

Today's most guileless Soviet propagandist is the uncritical U. S. tourist, turned expert on the basis of a fortnight's trip to the USSR. A few fail to check their critical judgment at the customs shed; and their reports, as seen in these three vignettes, are useful in themselves but also in contrast to other more roseate pictures of Khrushchev's Russia. ED.

How to be Culturally Took

CLIFFORD HANCOCK

In the reception room of the United States Embassy in Moscow there are tables piled high with *Amerika* magazines. They are a small portion of those returned by the Soviet Government—despite its agreement to distribute them.

By the agreement, signed by the United States and the Soviet Union in 1955, each is permitted to circulate 50,000 magazines a month within the other's borders. We send *Amerika*—in Russian—to the Soviet Union, and they send *USSR*—in English—to the U. S., under an agreement negotiated and carried out since Khrushchev came to power. *USSR* is distributed through the regular American commercial channels. It can be bought in any large city. But under the terms of the cultural exchange, we must turn *Amerika* over to the Soviet Government to circulate. And the Soviet Government claims its people are indifferent to *Amerika* and won't buy, or even take it. Some months as many as half the copies are returned to the U.S. Embassy (the number of rejects reflecting roughly the current state of U.S.-Soviet relations).

Public demand, say the Russians, cannot absorb the 50,000 magazines. But the truth is that the Soviet people will fight to get a copy, as seen through an experiment some of us attempted last summer. In August, my wife and three friends carried large piles of *Amerika* to the U.S. Exhibition in Moscow. Outside the exhibition grounds, a man stopped her and asked for a copy. He explained—in English—that he was from Kiev, and that he wanted to take it home with him. She gave him a copy—and was mobbed. Although she hadn't noticed, Russians in the vicinity had seen the magazines but were hesitant to ask for them. Seconds after she'd handed an *Amerika* to the man from Kiev, the entire pile had disappeared. The stampede was so great that she was afraid for her physical safety.

The sight of people with the magazine attracted other Russians from all sides. The three other Americans with magazines were quickly spotted, and they, too, were inundated with requests. The last copy was fought over by two Russians, each with a firm hold on it. A third Muscovite hit one of the two with his hat to make him relax his grip.

Fascinated by the incident, we went to Red Square the following day with piles of magazines. The others kept the name concealed until I took out my camera. We wanted a photograph of the public demand that the Kremlin claims doesn't exist.

As I adjusted the light meter, my wife asked, "Did you get the picture?" Her magazines were gone. I turned quickly to get photographs of the others, but it was too late.

On another occasion my wife sat on a bench with a pile of magazines beside her, and thumbed through a copy. She deliberately chose a quiet street where no crowds could gather, but the result was the same. In the fifteen minutes that she sat there, a dozen Russians came over—completely independent of each other—and asked for an *Amerika*. An interesting sidelight was that men always offered money for the magazine, but women usually didn't. Also, the men were much more hesitant in approaching.

Just before leaving Moscow we tried a different approach. Carrying copies of *Amerika*, the covers hidden, we went to a sidewalk drink stand where four men were waiting to be served. While I asked for directions, my wife casually allowed the magazine title to appear. All four Russians asked to buy a copy. We gave an *Amerika* to each, and went to a bakery across the street where we could watch them through the window. Passing Russians noticed the men reading the magazines, and stopped. The bakery was pointed out, and soon there was a steady stream of people filing into the store to ask for magazines.

A few blocks away from the bakery, in the Kremlin, Nikita Khrushchev was preparing for his visit to the United States. And a month later he was on American television asking us to make more agreements with him—in a spirit of "mutual trust."

I listened—and thought of the pile of magazines at the Embassy in Moscow.

Next to Godliness

ROSE MALLAN

A newspaper story I read some time ago about the daily drycleaning service provided for Mr. Khrushchev and his party while they were in this country, brought back my own losing battles to stay presentable while visiting his country a year and a half ago.

Upon our arrival in Moscow my husband and I inquired about drycleaning facilities and were told by Intourist that "Rush" service might take a month. They frankly advised us to "save our money and our clothes." This conversation with an Intourist bureau chief made me immediately eye Russians with a good deal more compassion.

Certainly I accepted our young guide Natasha charitably when we first met, unprepossessing though she was. Her baggy, puce-colored coat

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seemed to have brightened over the years, while her hat, a squashed brown felt, had faded. I seemed a little overdressed in my conservative English tweed coat and pointed pumps. But it took two months of traveling over 14,000 miles of the USSR for me to fully realize just what the Soviet citizen has to contend with to keep up appearances.

Unpredictable Plumbing

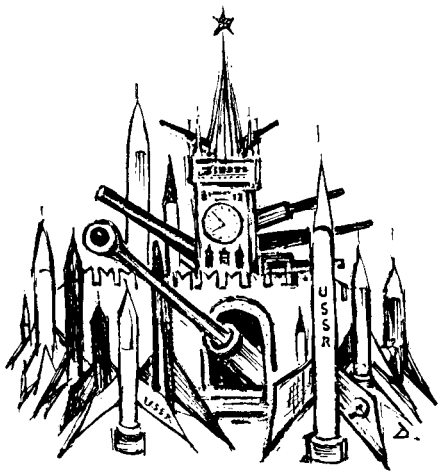
We had a private bathroom everywhere we went—an unheard-of luxury. Usually it was a dark, dank, windowless chamber with 20-foot-high walls and old-fashioned accoutrements. First job upon arriving at each new hotel was to check the bath immediately to assess just what was missing or malfunctioning. Soap and towels I usually had to beg from the floor maid. Russian soap comes in orange-colored, toy-size cakes, odd-smelling and latherless. Towels are long, thin, embroidered dresser scarves that shed water rather than absorb it. Each of the eight bathrooms of our itinerary managed to have its own special peculiarity. In Moscow's Hotel Savoy, the bowl taps sprayed water all over our "deluxe suite"; in Simferopol, my husband shaved with icy mountain water; in the South Asian city of Alma-Ata, mud poured out of the spigots. (There had been heavy rains in the Tien Shan mountains for days before, and nobody there had ever heard of filters.) In the seaport town of Odessa, no water at all. Lloyd let his beard grow that day. Only a minor inconvenience plagued his shaving routine in the industrial city of Rostov-on-Don. The bathroom had no mirror.

With the exception of the more modern Ukraine Hotel in Yalta—the only non-Intourist hotel at which we stayed—all our bathrooms were relics of Czarist days. They alone were justification for ousting the Czars! Tubs were high ovals on claw feet, whose fixtures had iron stoppers and chains on the side. In Odessa the tub water poured out into a drain in the middle of the floor.

We found a shower only once. This was at the Hotel Armenia in Yerevan. Here there was no tub, but in its stead a rusty wall shower-fixture protruding out into the room with no curtain around it. The water simply sprayed into a floor drain that had backed up with all the sewage since the birth of the hotel. The odor was overpowering. Wash basins were small, round bowls with unpredictable fixtures and no stoppers at all. If there was a mirror above, it was always many feet above. Russians expect tourists to be very tall.

The commodes were lidless, and, for some reason, built up on high wooden platforms. They seldom worked. On my cursory bathroom once-overs I always listened hopefully for the toilet drip. For they never flushed until filled with water, a drip at a time. When they ceased dripping—which was all too often—you were in real trouble.

But when I had to use a public rest room I appreciated our private, $60-a-day quarters. The public lavatories were impossible. At airports,



museums, stores, restaurants, it was the same story: unsanitary, unsavory rooms with no hot water, soap or toilet paper, not even the waxy variety featured in the Intourist hotels. The toilets were not only coverless, but seatless. If a ladies' room of an average American department store could be transported to the USSR, Russian housewives would convert in mass to capitalism.

At Leningrad's Hotel Europa I found a washroom attendant—a short, fat woman with the withered-nut face of the peasant—who rushed over, not to hand me the customary soap or towels, but to chatter excitedly at me in Russian. She exclaimed over my thinness as contrasted to her own adequate figure. She put her arms around my waist and hugged me, calling me "Americanski!" Then she stroked my tweed coat, wistfully commenting on its beauty. Her warmth and friendliness compensated for the inadequacies of her domain.

The casual Russian attitude toward plumbing might be pointed up by another incident. On the cliffs overlooking the Black Sea near Yalta, our local guide showed us a large castle called the "swallow's nest," circa 1900. Wonderingly, I asked him who occupied this grand fortress. He answered, nobody. In fact, nobody had *ever* lived there. The architect who designed it had forgotten to include pipes for plumbing.

Our "de luxe" baths included *some* plumbing. Yet it became an increasing chore to keep a semblance of American chic. During the early weeks, as Americans, we rated our share of half-envious glances from the women and frank stares from the men. People would openly admire me because of the fabric and cut of my coat, the real leather of my handbag. Many people approached us spontaneously, as the rest room attendant had.

But style wears thin over miles of rugged terrain, and keeping a "fresh from the cleaner's" appearance became an impossibility. Our hoard of soap, toothpaste and Kleenex gave out. Worse, so did my trusty travel iron. Soviet wiring is nearly as faulty as the plumbing.

Shoe repairs, haircuts, dry-cleaning, all were scarce. We grew shabbier and shaggier. And then *I broke my powder compact!* Natasha accompanied me to the GUM, Moscow's "world-famous" department store. For five rubles I was able to purchase a cardboard box of "the best corn powder"—cornstarch—coming in only one shade: deadly white.

That last week, traveling back over the miles from Asia to Moscow, I became aware of something lacking. No turned heads, no whispered comments on our shoes. I realized suddenly that it had been weeks since anyone had kissed my hand or cheek, hugged me about the waist crying "Americanski."

In the cold grey light of the Moscow dawn my husband appraised me: face wan from lack of sleep and "the best corn powder"; hair hacked by nail scissors; dress dragging about the knees, its permanent pleats permanently flattened by too many dunkings in Russian bathtubs; orlon

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shrug riding up my back, shrunken and shapeless from rubbings with harsh Soviet soap; runover-heeled shoes, their chic rubbed off by hundreds of miles of Intourist tours; and, completing the ensemble, a pair of striped anklets lent by Natasha against an unexpected cold snap.

"You look," he commented mildly, "just like a Russian."

Seige of the Lubyanka

CHARLES WILEY

The uniformed MVD officer at the desk gestured to the door behind him. That was the way into the infamous Lubyanka prison, the secret police headquarters in which the Old Bolsheviks were conditioned for the Purge Trials of the 1930s.

I was a free lance writer in Moscow and I had come to the Lubyanka to get a news story. (It's not officially called the Lubyanka any more; the name was changed some time ago. But it will always be the Lubyanka to the average Russian.)

A guard at the entrance was inspecting red identification cards shown by those going in and out. My request—in broken Russian—that I wanted *in* startled him out of his official brusqueness into almost total inarticulateness. But he finally waved me to another building where he indicated I could find someone who spoke English.

There an MVD guard escorted me to still another office. This one was long and narrow, with steel doors at either end. The wall was lined with plain wooden chairs, and an officer sat at the desk near one door. Three guards were seated along the wall, and a fourth at a small table in front of the desk. My request to see someone who spoke English was passed on by telephone, and I was told to wait. From the wall, Khrushchev, Lenin and Stalin stared down at me. Stalin's photograph, eliminated from many places in Moscow, is still prominently displayed in this headquarters of the Soviet secret police.

While I waited, a steady stream of men wearing—incongruously enough—Panama hats came in and out. The Panama, which is most conspicuous in Russia, was obviously to the Soviet plain-clothesman what the belted raincoat is to Scotland Yard.

A sad-looking young woman with infant in arms came in, spoke briefly to the guard. A few minutes later, the officer spoke sharply to her and she left. A shabbily dressed old man walked in, stood at the door for a minute after entering, hat in hand. None of the MVD officials looked at him. He finally walked timidly to the desk and mumbled a few words. Dismissed with a wave, he hurried out. A little later, I was dismissed and instructed to come back at nine the following morning.

One-Sided Interview

An hour after I arrived the next day, a young man in American-style clothing came in and went to the steel door. The officer reached under his desk to release the electrically controlled lock. A moment later, an MVD colonel entered from the other end of the room. He, too, disappeared through the steel door. In a few minutes I was directed to follow them.

Inside, the colonel and young man were waiting for me. But my attention was drawn to a stocky, well-dressed man behind a large desk. He would have been perfectly cast as a Soviet secret police chief on a television spy thriller. All three men were on their feet when I entered, but none said a word or greeted me in any manner. They watched my every move, totally expressionless.

Skipping even the barest formality, the young man, who spoke English, asked "What do you want?"

"I'm an American journalist and I want to write a story about the MVD. There are many dreadful things said about your organization—and, frankly, I believe most of them. But I'd like to hear your side of it."

The interpreter translated for the man behind the desk, and he seemed confused. He asked for my name, but made no other comment. My one-sided interview had begun.

What are the functions of the MVD? What are its powers? How big a force is it? Does it supervise prisons in Siberia? These and many other questions were translated—but I received no answers. After each question, the three men would simply stare at me. They never said that they wouldn't answer any questions—but they didn't answer any question.

I decided on a new approach. "At the headquarters of our FBI in Washington, they have tours of the building several times each day. Any one can go, and I'm sure that your agents in my country have taken advantage of it. I want to take a similar tour of Lubyanka."

The interpreter winced at my request, and the others were obviously stunned. The stocky man behind the desk stared at me as if at a madman. They conferred for several minutes before answering. Finally the classic reply:

"Foreign visitors must arrange all tours of government buildings with Intourist [the official Soviet tourist agency]." Huge relief accompanied the statement. A formula, safe and within the rules, had been found.

I tried another tack. "Can I arrange for an interview in which my questions can be answered?"

After a short discussion with the officials, the interpreter gave me this detailed advice: "We are not saying that it is possible, but if it were possible—and we are not saying that it is—if it were possible, the interview would have to be arranged through the press department of the Foreign Ministry. But we are not saying that it is possible."

Clear enough?

I got up to leave, and all three men went with me to the door—the first sign of courtesy shown.

I asked the rank of the stocky man. He said that it wasn't important, but I persisted: "The gentleman needn't be modest. Don't give me his exact rank or title if you prefer, but at least tell me how high an official he is." I indicated height with my hand to make my question clear—reaching over my head while mentioning Alexander Shelepin, chief of the Soviet secret police, and leaning over to just above the floor when referring to the guards outside.

The stocky man smiled for the first time, the steel caps on his teeth gleaming. His answer was slowly translated for me.

"He is as high as he is tall."

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Togetherheid at the Polo Grounds

The world championship was at stake in the ring, but it took a fighting man to get to see it.

NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR.

Floyd Patterson, who looks like David Susskind in blackface, but who actually is a more interesting and complicated person, scored a magnificent personal triumph at the Polo Grounds in New York on June 20.

In battering an inept, outclassed and badly scared Ingemar Johansson into submission, Patterson became the first heavyweight ever to regain the world championship. He exacted a terrible revenge for the humiliation heaped upon him last year by the Swede. And he brought the title back this side of the three-mile limit—where it belongs. All the world must know this. Even George Sokolsky, that old sports buff, penned his comments upon the fight. Old hat or, no, however, it was quite a night and, happening at the time it did, a fitting prelude to Independence Day in the Congo.

The Hosts

With no inkling of things to come, I was carried along by a group of merrymakers to the Stork Club, where Feature Sports Roy Cohn and Bill Fugazy—the latter making like Tex Rickard in a cerise tuxedo, replete with ruffled shirt and jazzbo tie—were hosting a little pre-fight bash. (Old sportsman Sokolsky, no sartorial slouch himself, showed up for the affair resplendent in a white dinner jacket and looking vaguely like a Buddha all set for an evening on the town.)

Feature Sports finally poured its charges aboard waiting buses for the long arduous journey to the Polo Grounds. The wayward journey to the upper reaches of Harlem was memorable chiefly because of heavily snarled traffic and a remarkable insouciance on the part of the Police Department.

The scene that greeted our arrival at the Polo Grounds evoked images of Toussaint L'Ouverture. The gates were inundated by a sea of black. There were thousands of Negroes straining for a looksee at their boy. They were pushing, shoving, punching and generally demanding their rights, including the right to crash the gate without having purchased a ticket. Armed with working press credentials, I was still lucky to get through a gate at all. Many a disgusted hundred-dollar ticket-holder did not even make it into the park, and a great many of the seats had been pre-empted by squatters.

Safe with Tammany

I got in just as the fight was about to begin. Heading over to my section I noted a sprawling, fighting mass of people break through the gate and swarm all over the empty seats. Making a strategic retreat, I sighted a bunch of Democratic pols I knew who were on hand in front row seats as guests of Carmine DeSapio. Feeling that I would be safe in the bosom of Tammany, I slid into someone else's place next to young Senator Frank Church of Idaho, the keynoter of the Democratic National Convention, who was kind enough to make room for me. A few feet away the other team was having its troubles.

Eftsoons the tigers appeared in the ring. And, after a great many introductions and instructions, the bout began. As is history now, the fight was all Patterson. Except for one bad moment in the second round when Ingemar found his range and jolted Patterson with a stiff right to the jaw, Floyd was in command all the way. By the third round Johansson was obviously frightened. In the fifth Patterson got to him and that was that. The Swede twitched for a full three minutes before his handlers could bring him around, at which time the Bantu faction went wild. I made a futile effort to get through to Patterson's dressing room. But the champ was closeted with *New York Post* columnist Jackie Robinson. (Jackie was having a grand time all around. He is even reported to have gone over to Johansson's dressing room, where *Time*'s Greg Dunne insists Jackie said "Ingemar, you're a credit to your race.") Thinking that Ingo might be more approachable, I hastened as best I could through the crowd to the Scandinavian continent. There was quite a press here too due to the presence of Liz Taylor, who went in to soothe the dethroned champ. Liz must have been irritated at the press for some reason. At any rate she administered to us fellows what can best be termed a Southern salute.

I had arranged to meet a friend, a stoutist lawyer from Elmhurst, for a drink after the fight. But finding anybody was hopeless and I climbed back on the bus and went back to the Stork with the people from Feature Sports. (My husky pal told me when I next saw him a couple of days later that a bunch of over-ecstatic Patterson fans had chased him clean to the 140th Street subway, doubtless the only real exercise he's had in a month of Sundays.)

Near Riot

The fight was a huge commercial success, drawing over a $900,000 gate. Doubtless the rubber match will draw over a million. It seems Bill Fugazy and Police Commissioner Kennedy have engaged in a running battle since the fight about whose fault the anarchy and near riot were. To be sure there was plenty of both on each side, but New York's finest did not distinguish themselves at the Polo Grounds. It seems doubtful that the city will land the next match.

Floyd Patterson is a curious young man. He has intense personal loyalty and has once more turned to Gus D'Amato who led him astray before. He has at least proved he has the pride of a champion. And that pride was vindicated.

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Private Worlds to Explore

Practically all our commentators, from Left to Right, are worried about the quality of life in America. Is there no one to defend it?

There is Wilhelm Roepke, the eminent German economist who, though a free enterpriser, laments the "enmassment" to which free enterprise supposedly leads when it is linked to mass production. And there is the whole native-grown Galbraithian crew which thinks Washington should step in to correct the esthetic deficiencies of the mob. Is there no one to observe that the mob is you and me and our friends, and that our tastes and values and morals are our own to improve as we, individually and as voluntary groups, see fit?

Roepke, of course, says he would leave things to the private citizen. But then, almost in the same breath, he despairs of a world in which the population explosion menaces the privacy of the individual and the green spaces of nature. He sees us piled one on top of another, with no retreats left anywhere.

Individualistic Antibodies

With all deference to Roepke, who has good evidence for his theory of "enmassment" through Malthusian overcrowding, I would like to stress the ability of people (Americans in particular) to produce what might be called their own individualistic social antibodies. (I invite Professor Galbraith to see "countervailing forces" at work in the world of mass culture.) Every time "enmassment" threatens to get us down, people bounce away from it like so many Californians on a trampoline.

Is the land crowded? Then witness a rage for the water, as boats, both sail and motor, sell not in the thousands but in the millions. The other day, in Edgewood, a suburb of Providence, Rhode Island, I noticed that the garages housed everything from skiffs to big outboard motors, with the car—or cars—standing out in the driveway. And down at the waterfront, hardly a mile away from the Providence gas works, kids by the score were racing in beetle class cat boats while their elders disported in sloops. That the rage for boats is not a "class" or even a regional phenomenon is proved by the inland statistics for outboard motor sales, not to mention the continued profitability of old companies like North and Judd that make marine hardware.

Is the surface of the water overcrowded? Then witness the rage for skin diving, another newly-popular diversion that attracts its millions. Veteran skin divers now command big fees on the lecture circuit as people flock to hear about the soul-solacing features of the subaqueous world. There is hardly a kid within reach of a lake who hasn't donned his flippers and glass mask and gone exploring in short snatches where his elders remain immersed for longer periods by virtue of compressed air. And Jon Lindbergh, son of aviator Charles, finding even the airways too crowded for his tastes, has organized his own company for underseas exploration.

There is a touch of "mass" to this movement of millions toward the water, but the point is that the "mass" is breaking up into many groups of sub-masses, and the sub-masses, in turn, break down into scores of individual variations. Not so long ago golf promised to become the sole diversion of the upper-class mass man. Now golf is merely one of a number of sports as golfers, annoyed at the crowded state of the nearest links, turn to bowling, badminton and soft ball.

Roepke, in common with Lewis Mumford and other intellectuals, is depressed by the "mass taste" of man as automobile owner. But Peter Drucker, an intellectual who makes test borings before he pontificates, has discovered that the American working man no longer feels he must prove his "middle-class" status by buying an expensive "chariot." The automobile has ceased to be a "status symbol"—and, what is more, no other status symbol has risen to take its place. The point is that individuals feel less need for emulation today than they felt ten years ago: status is taken for granted by anyone who has enough income to gratify his personal tastes. People are now busy exploring their own private worlds as never before in the mass production age. And Adlai Stevenson, who must always take his *Weltschmerz* straight, is now lamenting the American family's passion for privacy!

Progress against "Enmassment"

Fifteen years ago Commander MacDonald, the head of the Zenith Radio Co., had high hopes for the improvement of TV through pay-as-you-see programs. He died before he reached the Promised Land. But now, at long last, Zenith has wangled permission from our political commissars of airwave culture to test pay-TV in the Hartford, Conn., area. This is progress, admittedly at a glacial pace, toward taking "enmassment" out of the world of television entertainment. Sooner or later the dams will go down, and the TV-viewer will begin to get variety and quality for his investment in what, to date, has more than earned its nickname of the idiot box.

Even education promises an improvement at the source—*i.e.*, at Teachers College of Columbia University. The Teachers College faculty is now at least listening to Sidney Hook's hitherto heretical interpretation of John Dewey, which insists that Dewey never meant to throw books out of the schools merely because he championed the "project method" of dispensing with books in some courses. Who knows, maybe Russell Kirk will eventually be invited to become a licensed minority of one on the Teachers College faculty, with permission to give a course to be called "The Anti-Dewey Revolution in Education"?

So the forces making for "enmassment" provoke their antitheses. And if there is no great depth to our popular culture, there is nothing to prevent the cultivation of depth by those who have it in them.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Uses of Illiteracy

In his *What's Wrong with the World,* published half a century ago, G. K. Chesterton struck a hard blow at the cant of the educationists. To hear people talk of "education," he wrote, one would think it was "some sort of magic chemistry, by which, out of a laborious hotchpotch of hygienic meals, baths, breathing-exercises, fresh-air and freehand drawing, we can produce something splendid by accident; we can create what we cannot conceive." In America, even more than in Britain, faith in Education has assumed most of the characteristics of a secular religion, with immutable dogmas and supernatural aspirations. But as yet no one has saved his soul by Education.

I have suggested before this that some aspects of our prevalent system of public instruction are bad for anyone subjected to it. I now venture to suggest that there exist some people for whom compulsory schooling is quite useless and even baneful, and who ought to be permitted to escape from the truant-officer, to the benefit of their bent and our pocketbooks. One of the principal errors of our age is the notion that a human being must be schooled in order to be decent and happy. This is cant. Many thoroughly schooled people are bad and miserable, and many illiterates are good and contented.

Take, for instance, my man George, who works for my uncle and me, in our village of Mecosta—any sort of work that is going, from well-digging to snow-shoveling. George is free, white, and poor. He cannot read or write, nor calculate, though he attended Mecosta High School; book-learning simply did not take. Abstractions he does not apprehend, so that he cannot use a ruler or yardstick, though he can chalk a board and reproduce distances by transferring the marked board from point to point. George loves to work, and would like to hold two jobs simultaneously. He supports a wife, two children, an aged father, and—much of the time—*nine* brothers-in-law, who are given to spending the twilight hours in violation of the game laws. He owns his house, which he built himself, and saves money for the winter months.

At two in the morning, some months ago—for I work nights—George entered my library with a great armful of logs for my fireplace; George has a fellow-feeling for another man who enjoys long hours. On this night, George wandered round the big room, with some thousands of books on the pine shelves, and presently said unto me, "Russell, is it true you write books?"

"Yes," said I, "it is."

"That's wonderful," George pronounced. "Me, I can't read—or write. I'm dumb but honest."

Certainly George is honest: you can trust him unreservedly with property or money (which he doesn't rightly understand), and to do his best according to his lights. As to his being stupid—why, there are two sides to that question. I think him very like the manner of man that the medieval peasant must have been: forthright, simple, credulous, but endowed with considerable mother-wit and a sense of the comic; also a man of his hands.

The Wisdom of Aristotle

Not long after our conversation in the library, George found it necessary to travel to the county seat to have his driver's license renewed. George's automobile was a picturesquely-painted rattletrap, c. 1929; the glass of windshield and headlights was smashed. The sheriff's deputy at the county seat was unkind to George. That George could not tell "Dangerous Curve" from "Drink Coca-Cola" disturbed the deputy. Disdaining George's faithful old Ford, he compelled George to drive a new police car with all sorts of fancy gadgets George never had seen before—an automatic shift, for one. After two or three hours of this, the deputy cried aloud, "George, you're the worst driver I ever was out with."

"Then," replied George, cheerful still, "you ought to ride with my eldest brother-in-law." (The eldest brother-in-law is an impressive figure with a piratical red beard, mild blue eyes, and a banjo.)

In the fullness of time, the sheriff's man administered abstract oral tests to George, of such questions as this: "Suppose, George, that you are driving north-northeast on a four-lane superhighway, approaching an overhead cloverleaf intersection, at a rate of forty-nine miles per hour. You are intending to turn left. Another car is approaching from the south-southwest at a rate of eighty miles per hour, intending to turn right. A third car is approaching parallel to you, at a rate of seventy-two miles, intending to pass straight under the cloverleaf." Etc., etc. "Now the question is this, George: in what lane should you drive?"

"Well, sir," said George, after a moment's pondering, "I reckon I'd just drive where there wasn't anybody else drivin'." Aristotle could not have surpassed him in wisdom.

At the end of a long day, and with marked reluctance, the sheriff's department gave George his new license. "George," they said, sighing, "you just don't know much, do you?"

"Haw haw!" cried my man George. "Haw haw! Why, I could have told you that at nine o'clock this mornin'."

Mr. T. S. Eliot observes somewhere that there ought to be many different kinds of human nature. Aye, and I think there ought also to remain the right to be exempted from schooling. George is honest, industrious, cheerful and witty. Only a man of remarkably strong good nature could have put up with years of sitting in classrooms. Within his walk of life, George is more reliable than, in theirs, are Bertrand, Lord Russell, say, or Professor Henry Steele Commager. And although I do not enjoy a personal acquaintance with those two scholars, I suspect that I would not derive from their company the satisfaction that is mine when I am with George. The simple in heart are of the kingdom of God; but the sophist, the learned fool, is of a far countree.

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Progenitor of Scientism

F. A. HAYEK

Practicing scientists sometimes imagine that they are following the "Baconian empirical method." It is doubtful whether any successful scientist ever did so. Certainly Francis Bacon himself was not a scientist but a lawyer, at one time Lord Chancellor of England—and a man with little sympathy for the work of the true great scientists of his age, of a Galileo, a Harvey, or a Gilbert. But he was a man who wrote a great deal about what science ought to do and he was a great phrasemaker, a man who believed himself called upon to direct other men's scientific work and thereby to recognize scientific effort so as to make it more beneficial to mankind.

The interesting point, which is not often perceived, is the connection of this conception of science with Bacon's political views. We come to understand its significance when we read in A. V. Dicey's account of seventeenth-century English constitutional history that "the real subject in dispute between statesmen such as Bacon and Wentworth on the one hand, and Coke and Eliot on the other, was whether a strong administration of the Continental type should, or should not, be permanently established in England."

We owe it to the victory of Coke and Eliot that the English-speaking world did not develop the tyranny of a "scientific" administration. Indeed, except for his one-time secretary, Thomas Hobbes, neither the political nor the scientific views of Bacon carried much weight in England. Fortunately, it was the successors of his great opponent Edward Coke—Matthew Hale and David Hume, Adam Smith and Edmund Burke—who fashioned the political tradition of the English-speaking world.

The latest book devoted to Bacon by one of his contemporary admirers (J. G. Crowther, *Francis Bacon, The First Statesman of Science,* British Book Centre, $8.75), says revealingly: "Bacon's influence may have been more widely and deeply realized through the French Encyclopaedia than through the Royal Society. But the complete realization of his aims, so far, is to be found in the new socialist states, where social life has been reorganized on scientific lines, and science is pursued according to a comprehensive plan, for the endowment of human life 'with new discoveries and powers.'" Later in the book the Chinese of 1958 are cited for a modern expression of Bacon's ideas; and one suspects that the author generally regards Bacon more as the predecessor of what he discreetly calls "non-egalitarian socialism" than of the democratic socialism of the West.

What is so interesting about this book is not the description of the character of Bacon, which is probably just, but that he should be praised for it. This becomes significant if one learns more about the author. Mr. J. G. Crowther has for many years been prominent as "a scientific journalist of the new type" who, in his own words, "tries by continuous unpersonal accounts to create the scientific attitude required to solve present social problems." He has long been one of the most active members of a small but influential group which spread the Marxist message so successfully introduced by the Russians at the Congress of the History of Science at London thirty years ago. Ten years later with his *The Social Relations of Science,* he produced one of the standard works of that school and he is now able to list no less than 24 other books he has published on various aspects of the "statesmanship of science." (This does not quite measure up to Bacon's ambitions, who at one stage proposed to write books on the various departments of science at the rate of one a month!)

Mr. Crowther rightly sees in Bacon primarily "one of the forerunners of the modern art of propaganda," especially important to a generation for whom "propaganda for science in the development and government of human affairs is as important as technical skill." He admires him as a man anxious to command other men's wits and to organize a "mass-production of discoveries by machines, along industrial lines," even though he has to admit that Bacon "almost certainly [*sic*] did not succeed in discovering . . . an automatic method of discovery, in which imagination plays no part." He nevertheless is represented as "the first to outline the chief aims of modern man, which are taking shape so swiftly in the twentieth century . . . closer to the ideas of today than of the last three centuries," or even as "the greatest prophet of the modern age" and the "forerunner of Hegel, and of Marx and Engels."

ONE SHOULD NOT for this reason dismiss this book too lightly as just Marxist propaganda. It is in fact extraordinarily instructive on one of the most significant phenomena of our time, the great fascination which the idea of a centrally directed society has exercised over some of the best scientific men of our time—although the worst excesses come rarely from working scientists but usually from the kind of lay enthusiasts for science of whom Francis Bacon is the great prototype. It is surely no accident that he was probably the first to argue that it was not to be "left (as heretofore) to the pleasure of the undertakers and adventurers, where and how to build and plant; but that they do it according to a prescript and formulary."

It is surely also no accident that

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Bacon's great opponent, Sir Edward Coke, "though a conservative in law, emerged as the champion of liberty and progress," and had the insight to write on the title page of the copy of the *Novum Organon* which Bacon had presented to him:

It deserveth not to be read in Schooles But to be freighted in the ship of Fooles.

Mr. Crowther's portrait of Bacon is not of the quality of the great biography of Coke which Catherine Drinker Bowen gave us a few years ago (*The Lion and the Throne,* 1956). Yet the two make fascinating reading side by side. Neither, however, has quite brought out the nature of a contrast of intellectual types which have played a great role ever since, and of which Bacon and Coke are perhaps historically both the first and the most interesting examples. It is fundamentally a difference of attitude to knowledge, which both men in their different ways revered.

To the pseudo-scientist it is a tool which he can manipulate and through which he can manipulate society. Bacon was thinking in terms of the master-mind who commands and consciously applies all knowledge. To Coke, most of the knowledge of mankind is embodied rather in the cultural tradition of which the lawyer in particular is the tool and instrument. To him the process in which knowledge grows is something greater than individual man and beyond the capacity of the control of any one mind.

For the past three hundred and fifty years it has been on the whole the ideals of Coke which have governed the West. I believe they are also closer to those of the really great scientists, who usually are informed with humility. But are not perhaps the great number of the scientists who are not so great but who are likely to rule us in the future, generally closer to Bacon than to Coke?

Last of the Characters

FRANCIS RUSSELL

WHEN I entered Harvard, Charles Townsend Copeland already had retired as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, but he and his derby were still familiar to the Yard, he still continued to live on the top floor of Hollis, he gave his annual autumn reading at the Union and an invitation to his room was still a summons. Once I too received the summons and climbed the stairs to that gas-lit, impressively cluttered room merely to sit there, an awe-struck, tongue-tied freshman listening to the silver authoritarian voice. As I left I asked him to autograph my copy of his *Copeland Reader,* and he wrote in an angular crabbed hand: "Only my best friends buy my books." Then as I stood in the doorway he added, "Now don't ever let me see this in any second-hand book store!"

It was my only meeting with him, although on any number of autumn nights as I walked across the Yard from Widener I could see the lemon-yellow reflection of his upper window in lone contrast to the saffron tint of all the other electrically lit rooms. Electricity had long since come to Harvard—except for that upper floor of Hollis where Copey barred its admittance. Before I listened to Copey I had never heard anyone read properly. His mannerisms were so many props, as he adjusted the reading lamp, fussed about the ventilation, gave everyone present thirty seconds of tussive grace "and then no more coughing!" His art was to illuminate the obvious. After listening to him one would go back to David's lament for Absalom—unread since Sunday School days—or one would suddenly comprehend that "Mandalay" was not a song but a fine poem.

Bernard De Voto—who grew wiser as he grew older—used to say then that he taught only for the five per cent. This five per cent became Ph.D.'s who in turn taught for a five per cent elect who became Ph.D.'s, who in turn, etc. Copeland taught for the 95 per cent who would lead commonplace lives for the most part, but who would keep the memory of a tart avuncular teacher who had once shown them qualities of literature that they might otherwise have never seen. For Copey was a teacher first and last, a being now almost wholly superseded by academic excavators. That was his prime quality. Nothing he ever wrote would have entitled him to the biography to which he is so richly entitled and which now, on the centenary of his birth, J. Donald Adams has given us in *Copey of Harvard* (Houghton, $5.00).

There is not much very startling in this life, illuminated chiefly by Mr.

PROF. CHARLES T. COPELAND: ". . . a teacher first and last, a being now almost wholly superseded by academic excavators."

Adams' affection for his subject. Copey came from Calais, Maine, to Harvard as a shy country boy with fortunately good connections. A few years after graduation he came back to Harvard and there he stayed as an instructor in English, belatedly a professor, over the years a Hollis landmark. Even in his retirement he continued to live a stone's throw from the Yard. Only once did he visit Europe. As time went on he did not like to stay away from Cambridge overnight.

For someone like myself who knew Copey only fleetingly in his old age, Mr. Adams' book has a nostalgic charm. The thing, I think, that would strike any reader, though, is that Copey was a character—and that there are no more characters in yard or campus. In Copey's lifetime a man could take his pick—Professor Sophocles, who kept chickens in his room; Grandgent with the white beard, Jehovah of all aspirant Ph.D.'s; Muensterberg who used to begin his year by offering to hypnotize the first student who stepped forward; Santayana the elegant. Even in my day there were epigonoi like the agnostic Kirsop Lake who read the Passion according to St. Mark with the tears

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running down his cheeks, or Frisky Merriman with his eight-foot pointer and his affectation of the bad grammar of the English county. They have all been replaced by faceless men, some scholars, some merely scholiastic book producers, but none of them teachers.

It is hard—I find it impossible—to think of anyone presently at Harvard around whom anecdotes could cluster, in whose name groups of alumni would form societies, whose casual invitation would have the force of a royal command, and finally who would give a damn about his students the way Copey did. Even the mildly bawdy stories that cluster about Copey's name give a ring of authenticity to his character. Perhaps he never did say, *"Ave, piscatores!"* to the little boys coming back from fishing, perhaps no Radcliffe girl ever did innocently ask him what a eunuch was and get a double-edged reply—but the point is that those stories went the rounds for years, and are still told. Mr. Adams wisely does not include any of them. Beside Henry Miller they would seem mild enough, but they are more fittingly left to an oral tradition. Can anyone imagine such tales being repeated about any of Harvard's present faculty—or any other college or university across the country, for that matter? Can anyone imagine a professor marked with a loving nickname? There just aren't any more characters. And Copey, who died in 1952, was the last.

An "Average" Monster

THOMAS MOLNAR

THE EXTRAORDINARY THING about Rudolf Hoess, commandant of Auschwitz, is that he was a very average man. So were his colleagues—planners and administrators of death-camps, among them Adolf Eichmann. His autobiography (*Commandant of Auschwitz,* World, $4.50) reads like the monotonous account of, let us say, an engineer with average talent who slowly climbs the ladder to a position of responsibility in some giant corporation. The comparison with an engineer is not out of place since Hoess cites production quotas (of gassed Jews, Russians and gypsies) with an obvious effort to be accurate, explaining the reasons why the corpse-output often lagged, and blaming his superiors and subordinates for hindering his efficient organization. "I always believed in a job of work well done," he declares.

For those who knew concentration camps from the *inside,* it is fascinating to read the story as told by the *outsiders,* the guards, the torturers, the visiting inspectors. David Rousset called the world of camp inmates *univers concentrationnaire,* indicating thereby that starvation, brutality, humiliation and the other techniques of debasement create an atmosphere of their own. The prisoner remains a lucid human being, but his personality is somehow shrunk by the gnawing tyranny of three ambitions: to eat, to avoid the blows, and to survive (in that order). He looks at his masters, from the lowliest guard to Reichsfuehrer SS Heinrich Himmler, as superhuman creatures living in a magic world of abundant nourishment, beds with sheets on them, streets and shops and cars.

It is then both comical and horrifying to learn that Rudolf Hoess, exterminator of millions, was only "outwardly cold and stony, but with most deeply disturbed inner feelings" and that "the emotion of hatred was foreign to [his] nature." I do not think that these statements show cynicism, even though they are sickening to read. Hoess wrote his autobiography in a Polish prison, awaiting trial and execution. He also declares his undying belief in the principles of National Socialism and his loyalty to Hitler and Himmler. Nor does he show a "grudge" against his captors, wardens and prosecutors. On the contrary, he considers them with the eyes of a professional who understands his colleagues' problems.

And this is precisely the horror of it. Given an inhuman system, the average sentimentalist who, like Hoess, loves to play with his childen, enjoys the flowers in his wife's garden, and "condemns crude language," may be turned into a monster. Note that in all probability no *inner change* takes place; it is Hoess' *natural* traits—obsession with work, strict obedience, patriotism, etc.—which are enlarged and distorted. If he belonged to another world, not to the human race, judgment on him would be almost easy; but what do you do with a man who watches through the peephole of the gas chamber the agony of little children and then complains that "there were very few nights in Auschwitz when I could sleep undisturbed by urgent telephone calls"?

THE Nuremberg Court tried to answer this question when, in the name of "humanity" (and of the right of the victor) it sentenced, or extradited for sentencing, the men criminally involved. There was much controversy at the time as to whether condemnation without previously defined laws and penalties could be considered legal. The universal moral indignation, the presence of Soviet judges (with the shadows of Katyn forest behind them), the tactics of some German lawyers, and the sensationalism surrounding the proceedings helped obscure the strictly legal issues. They are being revived now with the recent capture of Adolf Eichmann, appointed by Himmler "to liquidate the Jewish question."

According to Hoess, even when the two of them were alone and drinking together in a relaxed atmosphere, Eichmann "showed that he was completely obsessed with the idea of destroying every single Jew that he could lay his hand on." And not only in German-held territory: he negotiated, among others, with the governments of Italy and Spain, demanding that they hand over their entire

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Jewish population. The resistance of the Vatican and the royal family, and of France, prevented this.

The question arises: what should be done to Eichmann? Today the area of international justice is, perhaps, more delicate than ever; and to cause the Nuremberg tribunal to reconvene is neither possible nor desirable. One would like to see the case left under the jurisdiction of an existing national court rather than become the pretext for an international gathering of jurists and politicians. On the other hand, lawyers point out that the State of Israel is not the legal heir of European Jewry which suffered at Eichmann's hands together with other races and minorities. And if Eichmann is sentenced under German law, apart from the dangers of political propaganda on all sides, the maximum penalty would be life imprisonment, since capital punishment has been abolished by the West German government.

There is no question that the Israelis could have acted more discreetly once they held their prisoner. The news of Eichmann's death at the hands of an avenger would have caused a day's sensation, but no international embarrassment involving Argentina, Germany, Poland. Furthermore, it is a problem these days for any state in the tradition of Judaism and Christianity to bring charges of a political nature and of "crimes against humanity" when millions perish as "enemies of the people" in Russia and China.

Yet, in the eyes of God and men Eichmann deserves to die, as did Hoess and the other mass murderers. Their fate and their example must serve as a reminder in an age which dilutes and denies individual responsibility by citing the determinism of psychological and sociological "factors," or by hiding behind "orders" however contrary to conscience.

Intimations of Walking Death

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

"We today . . . can recognize that Communism . . . is not a thing that can be rooted out of the world." These terrible words from Herbert Butterfield's *International Conflict in the Twentieth Century: A Christian View* (Harper, $3.00) fix, as in a symbol, the temper of the Western mind today. Spiritually we have moved a long way from the mood that swept the free world when Hungary climbed out of her grave if but for a few glorious days, in 1956. We have since traveled far down a road whose only end can be the sepulchre of civilization itself. Mr. Butterfield's testimony to despair is buttressed by the very title of Stuart Chase's *Live and Let Live: A Program for Americans* (Harper, $3.50). The two books together are symptomatic of the West's declining will to survive.

Stuart Chase's book is simply appalling. Written altogether without grace of style and totally lacking in imagination and insight, it skips through every aspect of contemporary life from the United Nations to juvenile delinquency to overpopulation. Mr. Chase is for more world government; Mr. Chase is against war; Mr. Chase favors education, birth control, World Men, the intelligent use of television, peaceful coexistence and the elimination of smog. Above all Mr. Chase favors Life, especially the comfortable life. He is aghast that some of us believe that Russia might well gamble everything on an atomic war were she convinced that she would emerge the victor. Do not the Russian leaders want to enjoy the good things that an expanding technology is now giving them? The author fails to note the heavy irony behind his very question. The presence and dominance of the Stuart Chases in our Western society have made it possible for Russia to get just what she calculates she *can* get at any given moment within the cold war, without having to resort to a hot one. Chase makes it abundantly clear that for him there is only one ultimate evil: death. Comfortable survival for us and for all peoples is his program for Americans.

Chase does not quote Hobbes but he is his creature, and it might be well to meditate a moment on this Hobbesianism that lies at the bottom of the Liberalism of men such as Stuart Chase. Striking to the very root of the business, Hobbes saw well enough that death is the final enemy of human existence for all those who do not believe in God and personal immortality. My individual survival is assured by the State whose sole function is the making possible of a long and comfortable life for the greatest number of its citizenry. What Hobbes missed, however, was the paradox that links life and death into a tension forming the very structure of human existence. The willingness to die is itself the very condition of life. Life can be entered into fully only by a man who can face with courage the darkness of death because he loves life enough to lay down his own for that of his friend. Hobbes knew that the Man with a Cause was the enemy of Leviathan, and Hobbes proposed the liberal use of the bayonet to root him out. Transcendent convictions that sunder and alienate as well as enlist the allegiance of the human heart can have no place in the tranquilized utopia of men like Hobbes and Chase. They forget that a society so frightened of extinction that it cannot face the burden of its own inheritance is already a walking death.

Mr. Butterfield's *International Conflict in the Twentieth Century* is a more thoughtful work and it contains much of that practical wisdom we have come to expect from the Cambridge historian. Nonetheless the same paralysis of will before the enemy, the same willingness to live and let live, pervades his pages. Mr. Butterfield advances his study as a "Christian View," and its publication in the Religious Perspectives series leads us to expect a Christian evaluation of the international situation. But Mr. Butterfield's Christianity seems to be cherished by him largely because of the political and social values that have emerged from the Faith.

Although I would not want to wrong him, I have the impression that he is more interested in democratic ideals than he is in the *depositum fidei* in itself. He rejoices in the gradual secularization of Western society that has restricted the church to the sanctuary. He suggests that as Protestants and Catholics can coexist within our society, so too in the future can Communists and non-Communists in a world society. But Protestants and Catholics can respect and love one another because they both share an allegiance to the Transcend-

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ent and because they are caught up in a theological dialectic in which each member defines the better his own ultimate convictions in the light of the opposing formulation. Nonetheless a Protestant who did not will the conversion of a Catholic (or a Catholic of a Protestant) would be a man who had lost his faith. When applied to peaceful coexistence with Communism, the parallel breaks down because the Communist must will the very non-existence of his enemy, should he fail to convert him. No dialectic is possible. The only sane reaction to Communism is an assertion of the claims of the West with an even firmer intransigence.

Quite frankly I am frightened by these two books and by the many more like them that have appeared within the last two years. We are breeding a race for whom the very possibility of a last-ditch fight for the West is a kind of latter-day heresy. This new breed of men has lost its faith in everything except a comfortable future. In my depression I can only remember the words of Hilaire Belloc as he meditated on the fate of Rome in the old deserted town of Timgad: "I remembered the old knowledge . . . how great nations, as they advance with unbroken records and heap up experience, and test life by their own past, and grow to judge exactly the enlarging actions of men, see at last that there is no Person in destiny and that purpose is only in themselves. Their Faiths turn to legend, and at last they enter that shrine whose God has departed and whose Idol is quite blind."

Records

Billie's Blues

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

I REMEMBER Billie Holiday singing *Strange Fruit* around the eddying cigarette smoke of Café Society Downtown. It was a Popular Front song about lynching ("Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees") sung for a Popular Front audience in a Greenwich Village nightclub. But it had its power and its validity in the exquisite torture of her singing, in the ungainly beauty of a dark face flatly delineated by the baby spots.

Those were great days for Billie Holiday, when jazz was the real and the true, when she was recording against the background of Teddy Wilson's delicate suspensions of rhythm, the outburst of Artie Shaw's clarinet, the plaintive alto saxophone of Johnny Hodges, or the clear, sweet tone of Bunny Berigan's cornet. Those were the days of *Billie's Blues*, out of the deep South via Harlem, of *Summertime*, in pounding accents which would have startled George Gershwin, of two wonderfully evocative pop tunes, *Easy Living* and *Foolin' Myself*. They can be heard on Columbia's *Lady Day* album (CL 637)—and should be heard because this was Billie before the demons moved in.

Then the rich boys of the Left took over, and so did the marijuana and the drugs. Billie continued to sing, but she had "a monkey on her back"—and the corruption of courts and hospitals and the "cure" which never really cured. Now Billie is dead, her life story a footnote in the sad story of degeneration and regeneration and ultimate collapse. The chronology is not new to jazz, but no less heartbreaking.

Billie is dead, and those of us who knew her however fleetingly can mourn. But she left a legacy of music for others who now put record to turntable. For there was no one quite like Billie Holiday as a singer of jazz or popular music. Any song, good or banal, acquired a new dimension when she sang it. Her phrasing was impeccable, and her sense of the *rubato*—that straying behind and around the beat which characterizes jazz singing—was perfect. She would wander from the melody until that split second which the trained ear knows, and then return with a glorious resolution. Toward the end of her life, what had been a plangently full voice developed a kind of astringency, a spareness, but she never lost the complete mastery of phrase, the knowledge of a song's inner logic which determines a great artist's performance.

These are superlatives—but they apply to a singer superlatively confounded by success or failure or sex or the tragedy of drug addiction, but always singing as her artistry dictated. Her album, *Solitude* (Verve MG V-8074)—its title taken from Duke Ellington's seductively velvet ballad—is a case in point. From Cole Porter's adolescently ironic *Love for Sale* to the Triangle Club's whimsical *East of the Sun*, Billie took over these songs. The Porter lyrics can be mawkish in their traversal of vice as seen by the romantic undergraduate; but Billie made them poignant and meaningful, as vice can be when it ceases to be posturing. *Easy to Love* and *Everything I Have Is Yours*, which in the 1930s you and I hummed on forgotten dance floors, became jazz *lieder* when they were transfigured by Billie's bitter-sweet interpretation.

Body and Soul (Verve MG V-8197), which did not try to crowd the usual twelve numbers to a record, allowed her time and space to elaborate on that great standard, to illuminate *Embraceable You*, and to invigorate those two Gershwin *jeux*, *Let's Call The Whole Thing Off* and *They Can't Take That Away From Me*. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers made these last two tunes popular in a film you can still see on the Late Show, but Billie Holiday made them music.

In a record simply called *Billie Holiday* (MGM E-3764), an oldie like *Just One More Chance*, which Russ Columbo mooed into prominence, became a stirring plea for that return engagement which all parted lovers seek. *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*, which innumerable Dixieland bands pounded into a razz-ma-tazz of oompah, was returned to a meaningful jazz context. And *You Took Advantage of Me*, a specialty of Bing Crosby in his soprano days with the Rhythm Boys, surrendered to Billie.

With Billie Holiday gone, what Negro singer can take her place? There is, of course, Ella Fitzgerald—in the 1930s tall and gawky as she

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belted out her songs from the bandstand of Harlem's Savoy Ballroom. And of Ella I will write another time. But she was never of Billie's complex musical persuasion.

Lena Horne? Her album, *Stormy Weather* (RCA Victor LPM-1375) is a sad commentary on differences of which I cannot say *vive*. Lena sings *Summertime* and other songs which Billie made real. But neither the phrasing, nor the voice, nor the feeling are there. Close your eyes and you see the attractive figure and the formidably regular teeth. But you also hear a voice which occasionally wavers in pitch, with the quality of genius lacking. Listen to Lena Horne sing *Mad About the Boy*—and you know that it is neither Gertrude Lawrence (thin-textured, cold and sardonic) nor jazz. It is a pale carbon copy of nothing.

You return inevitably to Billie—the Billie Holiday we applauded in smoky rooms, the Billie Holiday in white satin who stood before the bands of the 1930s in the vast caverns of now-vanishing movie palaces, the Billie Holiday who all her life could sing and mean, "If you let me love you it's for sure I'll love you all the way." And if your mind so orders, you will mutter, *Post jucundam juventutem . . . nos habebit humus.* And you will sigh.

Random Notes

Among the new books announced for fall: *Tourist in Africa,* by Evelyn Waugh (Little Brown). . . . *The Necessity for Choice,* subtitled "Prospects of American Foreign Policy," by Henry A. Kissinger (Regnery). . . . *The Future of Education,* by Thomas Molnar (Fleet). . . . *The Realm of the Divine,* by Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (Harper), which continues the discussion begun in *The Phenomenon of Man.* . . . the third volume of *The Age of Roosevelt,* by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.: *The Exercise of Democracy* (Houghton). . . . *The Metamorphosis of the Gods,* by André Malraux (Doubleday), a companion volume to *The Voices of Silence.* Also, new novels: Sloan Wilson, *A Sense of Value* (Harper); John Updike, *Rabbit, Run* (Knopf); Noel Coward, *Pomp and Circumstance* (Doubleday); Georg Mann, *The Dollar Diploma* (Macmillan).

After 35 years as chief drama critic of the *New York Times,* Brooks Atkinson is retiring. He will write a general column on cultural matters two or three times a week. . . . A new idea in radio programming, a station entirely devoted to news, has been launched in San Francisco by Station KFAX. . . . *Variety* reports that the Cultural Affairs Section of the State Department is working on plans for an American repertory company to tour countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Van Nostrand initiates this season the William Volker Fund Series in the Humane Studies. The first two titles, currently appearing, are *Epistemological Problems of Economics,* by Ludwig von Mises, and *The Economic Point of View,* by Israel M. Kirzner. Further titles announced for the future include *Scientism and Values,* edited by Helmut Schoeck and James W. Wiggins, and *Essays in European Economic Thought,* edited by Louise Sommer.

Triumph of Mass Education. The Smithsonian Institution has issued a study by Dr. Harold D. McCurdy, psychologist from the University of North Carolina, on the childhood of twenty men of genius. He finds three common factors in all the cases: a high degree of attention from parents and other adults; isolation from other children; a rich efflorescence of fantasy. Concludes Professor McCurdy: "The mass education of our public-school system is . . . a vast experiment [in] reducing all three of these factors to minimal values, and should, accordingly, tend to suppress the occurrence of genius." F.S.M.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

FRONT RUNNER, DARK HORSE, by Ralph G. Martin and Ed Plaut (Doubleday, $4.95). Two campaign biographies for the price of one, this breezy book is the story of Senators Kennedy and Symington since the 1956 Democratic convention. Martin and Plaut give a fascinating account of their political maneuvers at that convention, their public records in the four years since, and their present race for the Presidential nomination. A Liberal and Democratic bias lurks throughout the book, to be sure, but the authors manage to keep their story interesting by minimizing ideology and concentrating on the personalities and campaign strategies involved. Conservatives, however, wary of public relations men (such as author Plaut), will feel that perhaps the whole story is not told between these covers.

D. FRANKE

LET'S TRY BARTER, by Charles Morrow Wilson (Devin-Adair, $3.95). The title of this readable book sounds like an invitation to experiment. The text invites interest in an ancient mode of exchange which still flourishes healthily—in surprisingly varied forms—to the discomfiture of tax collectors and other bureaucratic snoopers and the advantage of the participants. Not the least of its rewards, says the author, is the fun people get out of swapping and the friends they make in the process. A useful handbook on the subject.

S. LA FOLLETTE

THE FALL OF RICHMOND, by Rembert W. Patrick (Louisiana, $4.00). The United States has never lost a war, but some Americans *have.* This little book describes the agony and chaos of their final defeat: the evacuation and occupation of Richmond in April 1865. In the main, Mr. Patrick tells a compelling story well, and those who are enjoying the current spate of "The Day Something-Or-Other Happened" books should enjoy this one as well. But the formula is no longer fresh, and usually produces, as it does here, an over-dramatized and distorted picture.

J. P. MCFADDEN

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To the Editor

Judd for Vice President

The NATIONAL REVIEW *Bulletin* of July 9 carried a brief editorial comment which mentioned my efforts on behalf of Congressman Walter H. Judd and the Republican nomination for the Vice Presidency.

I am one who believes that the purpose of a convention is to make a choice between several possibilities for a given position such as President or Vice President.

But how about the Vice Presidency? How about the man who could automatically become President?

Little public discussion about various possibilities for this highly important position has come to my attention. True, there has been wide acclaim and richly deserved support for Senator Barry Goldwater for both the position of President or Vice President, especially among the younger voters. But the emphasis has been on the Presidency rather than the Vice Presidency. It is with the position of Vice President that I am presently concerned.

To my way of thinking, Senator Goldwater would be a splendid choice, but I go back to my belief that that choice should be made from among several contenders. It is for this reason that I am anxious to call attention to another man who in my opinion would also be a splendid choice—Rep. Walter H. Judd.

Walter Judd's profound grasp of the realities and problems which face our nation and the world are already well known. His courageous dedication to the principles of freedom—both nationally and throughout the world—are a matter of record. His wide experience as one of the top legislators in the House of Representatives and his consistent willingness to undertake tasks over and above his legislative responsibilities have made him known to a wide segment of the American people. The fact that Walter Judd has been chosen as the Republican Keynoter is an indication of the great respect in which he is held by his colleagues and his Party.

I have written to various friends of Congressman Judd across the country and asked for some indication of their support of his candidacy. I have done this in order to gain public attention for a man whom I admire and, even more important, to present the delegates to the Republican Convention—and, indeed, the American people—with a choice for the important nomination of Vice President of the United States.

New York City CHARLES EDISON

What Goldwater Would Do

One of your readers recently suggested that conservatives make an all-out attempt to see that Senator Goldwater receives the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination. NATIONAL REVIEW and the rest of the conservative press should follow up this suggestion. . .

Given the idealistic fervor of the Goldwater devotees, a reverse Willkie could be pulled off in Chicago. Don't disparage the possible results of a Goldwater Vice-Presidential nomination: it would bring the Republican Party further to the Right; it would be a repudiation of Khrushchev *and* Stevenson; it would inform the country that we are not going to have four more years of Eisenhower moderation and flexibility (thereby ensuring the party of victory in 1960). . . .

Worcester, Mass. ERIK STENMARK

Two Johnsons

You cite [July 2] the Americans for Constitutional Action survey as showing Lyndon Johnson "80 per cent or more of the time for Liberalism" by his votes in Congress. The Americans for Democratic Action survey condemns him to outer darkness by proving him, according to their statistics on the votes, 55 per cent of the time *against* Liberalism. The truth is that this sort of survey, whichever side conducts it, is superficial and largely meaningless in estimating where a man stands in the American political equilibrium.

Florence, Ore. NICHOLAS MACKY

Assassination for Eichmann?

I find your comment on the Eichmann case ["The Law and the Eichmann Case," June 18] puzzling. You seem to say that because Eichmann would not be tried legally, he should have been (or be) assassinated. But your statements against the ethics of "slaughter" and in behalf of international law are at least as pertinent to the second of these alternatives as to the first. Eichmann could be tried for murder in strict accordance with the statutes of a number of countries in which he carried on his horrible work—and surely assassination seems a more (perish the thought) radical step away from legality than the one Israel took in capturing him.

New York City D. B. LANG

On Wisdom

You attack Linus Pauling, Arthur Schlesinger, J. Kenneth Galbraith, J. Robert Oppenheimer. Has it ever occurred to you that you are attacking the wisest men in America?

Rock Hill, Pa. J. F. LOUNSBURY

No. —ED.

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Kindergarten Religious Revival

In Russell Kirk's review of the book, *Man: The Bridge Between Two Worlds* ["The Imagination of Children," June 18], he calls its author, Dr. Franz E. Winkler, "a wise physician." Mr. Kirk indicates that he is "strongly influenced" by Dr. Winkler, who is in turn, "strongly influenced" by Rudolph Steiner. . . .

Rudolph Steiner, a theosophist and the founder of a secret society known as the Anthroposophical Society, had a more direct way of influencing the "intuitive spirit" which he called "occult science."

The result of the Steiner method is thus described in a striking passage of one of his own works:

> This is the change which the occult student observes coming over himself . . . that there is no longer a connection between a thought and a feeling or a feeling and a volition, except when he creates it himself. No impulse drives him from thought to action if he does not voluntarily harbor it. He can now stand completely without feeling before an object which, before his training, would have filled him with glowing love or violent hatred: he can likewise remain actionless before a thought which heretofore would have spurred him to action as if by itself. . .

Add to this method of instruction the fairy tale which "offers the child an incentive to be good" and which "serves as his natural guide to religion," and the kindergartens will be starting a "religious revival" that will put Harvard to shame.

Santa Monica, Cal. THELMA RAWLINGS

Saved by NR

I am writing to express my gratitude to all who take part in producing NATIONAL REVIEW, the finest journal of its kind published in America. If I had not been introduced to NATIONAL REVIEW as a college sophomore, I feel certain that I would be a typical ritualistic Liberal today. As it is, however, I am a conservative to the bottom of my soul. . . .

The average college freshman is unaware of the play for his mind made by the peddlers of Liberalism, and is unequipped to detect and suspect the methods of Liberal indoctrination which he is prey to. Without the benefit of exposure to conservative criticism, reason, and principles, such a person will perhaps never have the opportunity and satisfaction of committing himself to a guiding philoso-

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phy through the process of rational, deliberate exclusion. . . .

A. LOUISE SPERLING
Newton Centre, Mass.

Just a Practical Politician

John Chamberlain has done a splendid job with his portraits of the various contenders for the Democratic Presidential nomination. I do not agree, however, that Lyndon Johnson ["L.B.J.: Least Popular with the USSR," July 2] took a "hard" stand during the collapse of the Summit because he is a Texan and the spirit of the Alamo breathed in him. If any Senator is 100 per cent politically motivated, it is Johnson, and he merely realized that the American people were insulted by Khrushchev and wanted someone who would stand firm against the Soviets. Stevenson and Kennedy are just too ideologically-oriented to realize the political wisdom of LBJ's position.

Houston, Texas RICHARD COLEMAN

A Baseball PR Man

. . . I feel that unless the Williams-bathed Mr. Leonard ["Unreconstructed Individual," June 4] knows Mickey Mantle personally as a "semi-illiterate," he would do better to refrain from such nomenclature. . . .

Also, I question the title of Mr. Leonard's article. It is a misnomer to call Ted Williams an individual. Perhaps he is such as a baseball player, but his antics are far from individualistic. They are quite inane. He may not be "a cog in the Team Wheel," but he is a public relations man for "America's Great National Pastime" by the very fact that he wears a team uniform and performs in the public eye. He is expected to act accordingly. . . .

Bronx, N. Y. JAMES M. McCARTHY

Pernicious Euphemism

What hits me in the eye about Professor Ernest Van Den Haag's article ["Must Conservatives Reject Keynes?" June 4] is his apparent disregard for individual rights. He is willing, on purely technical grounds, to consider subsidies for just about any uneconomic group — "veterans, the young, the old"—but he doesn't bother to offer any justification for robbing the fellow who doesn't belong to any of these groups, the hard-working, middle-aged 4-F, for instance. Nor does he bother to consider that the above-mentioned 4-F might have plans to alleviate unemployment in his own neighborhood by starting a new enterprise—plans which would be obviously disrupted by this meddling from upstairs.

Another depressing point in the article is the frequent use of the collectivist "we" as a euphemism for government. . . The government is not, and cannot be, "all of us." The fact that this pernicious euphemism has been in fashion a long time in our slick magazines does not make it any better. . . It appears to me that Mr. Van Den Haag's theories would lead to an increasingly static economy; and also, that new enterprise would be increasingly concentrated in those few great corporations that could weather government intervention (or try to control it).

Laurens, S. C. BEAUFORT B. COPELAND

Human nature and the corrupting power of politics combine to smash whatever may be good in the two parts to Keynes' theories on depression and inflation. . . .

What socially-trained bureaucratic economist is going to be wise enough to apply the Keynesian brakes by reducing spending and thereby endanger his own vested interests? And even if he wants to use his "immense economic power" to do so, what elected congressman with an eye to the next election will be selfless enough to back him up?

It strikes me that our economic dilemmas stem directly from the weaknesses of human nature, especially as those weaknesses are fostered and encouraged by the myriad temptations inherent in our current power politics. Since we cannot change human nature, we conservatives must repudiate Keynesianism, lest we reach the monetary debacles of the German, French, Italian, Russian or Chinese types of past inflations. We can progress soundly into the future only as we pay proper heed to the available lessons of history.

As Santayana put it so neatly and succinctly: "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

KENNETH D. ROBERTSON JR.
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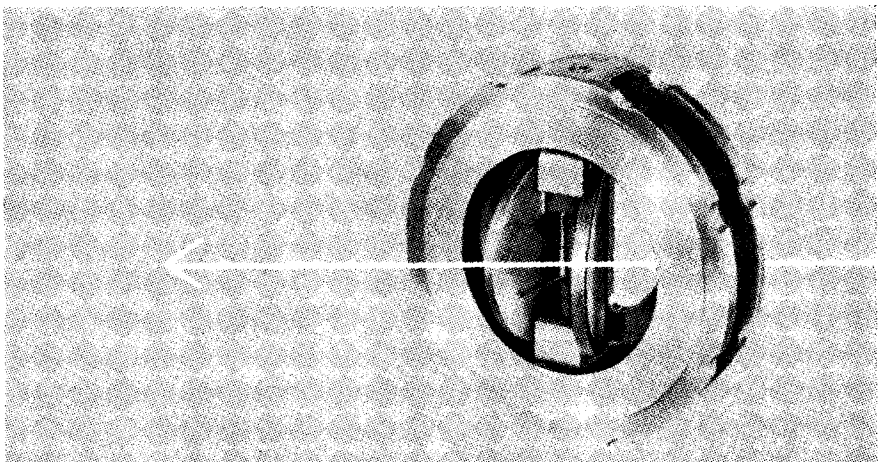

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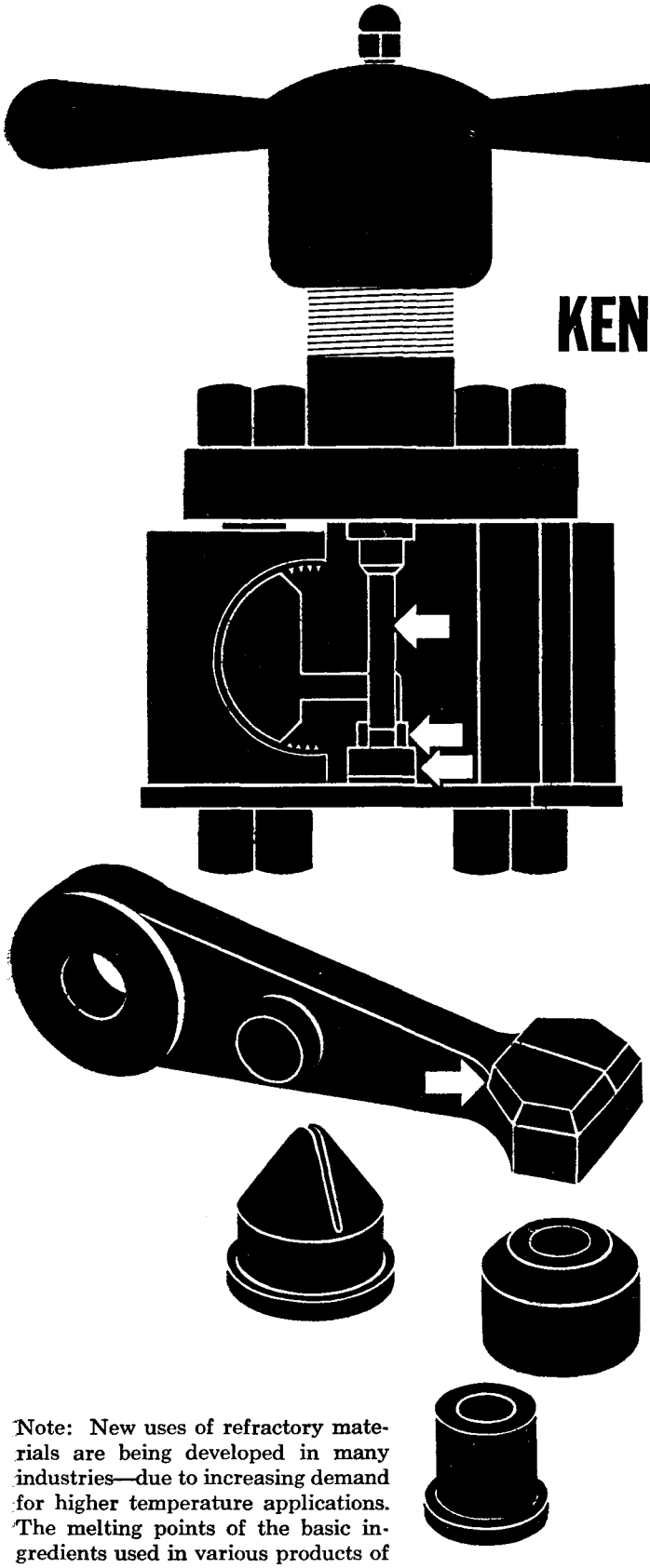

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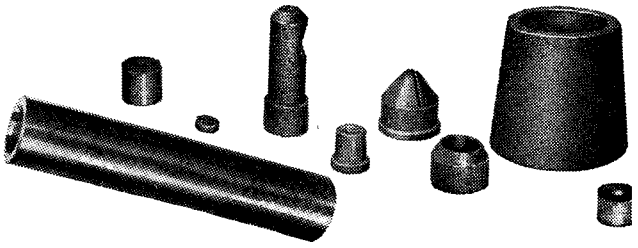
In the wide range of Kennametal hard carbide compositions you will find high hardness and strength . . . resistance to impact, bending, abrasion, corrosion, and heat. All of these qualities, plus our research and



development facilities, are available to help translate ideas into products that will combine reliability with long service. Metallurgists, engineers and research people can obtain technical information by writing KENNAMETAL INC., Dept. NR, Latrobe, Pennsylvania

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3351

Note: New uses of refractory materials are being developed in many industries—due to increasing demand for higher temperature applications. The melting points of the basic ingredients used in various products of our company are listed in the chart.

	Melting Points	
	Metal	Carbides
Tungsten	6098°F	5198°F
Tantalum	5425°F	7016°F
Titanium	3272°F	5684°F
Niobium	4379°F	7052°F

INDUSTRY AND KENNAMETAL ...Partners in Progress

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